Saturday Night

February 13, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

One of the most interesting developments of the past few weeks has been the way more and more people in the West have been talking about the possibility of increasing trade with Russia, China and the Soviet satellites. After one or two apparently friendly gestures by the Soviet Union, many of these people are in a state of gushing enthusiasm uncomfortably reminiscent of their dewy-eyed reception of Russia as a glorious ally in 1941—the same Russia that, two years earlier, they had castigated for making a deal with Hitler, sharing in the destruction of Poland and gobbling up the little Baltic countries.

There is no doubt that trade between nations leads to more neighborly relations, and that trying to divide the world into two distinct economic compartments is a pretty silly way of doing business. But there's not much profit in substituting wishful thinking for a balance sheet or in sweating to make a sale to a confidence man. If there is a chance for honest trading with the Communist countries, it should not be ignored; at the same time, its advantages should not be exaggerated or its dangers minimized. Disregarding the pol-

WALTER REUTHER: Oil and troubled waters. *(Page 3)*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

itical factors in the situation, there is no reason to suppose that the removal of barriers to trade between East and West would solve all the problems of such exporting countries as Britain and Canada or would herald the dawn of a wonderful new day for the economy of Western Europe, as some would have us believe. Only a couple of weeks ago the Federation of British Industries reported that "there is, in our opinion, no ground for thinking that East-West trade (including trade with China) can in the foreseeable future account for more than a comparatively modest proportion of the United Kingdom's total volume of trade".

The Soviet Union has never been a major market; in the middle '30s, for example, only three per cent of British exports went to Russia, and in the years after the war these declined to less than one per cent; the satellites took 2.1 per cent before the war and between one and 1.4 per cent afterwards—and the Soviet bloc has imported more from Britain than any other country in Western Europe. As for China, *The Economist* pointed out a while ago that "if and when the Peking government is in a position to buy such goods, it will hardly look further afield for them than Japan, where it can pay its way with coal and soya". Both Russia and China need a great deal of capital equipment, of course, but payment would be a problem, apart from the political wisdom of making any extensive sales of such equipment.

The political aspects of trade with the Communists cannot be pushed to one side, because trade in the hands of the Communists becomes a political weapon. It would suit the Soviet Union very well if the western nations started squabbling among themselves for the business carrots dangled in front of their faces by an East whose aim is still economic self-sufficiency.

A Case of Heaves

WE'VE JUST finished reading a sobering report on the metabolism of the earth. The innards of this planet are constantly in as much turmoil as the stomach of a man who tries to appease his ulcers by eating nothing but chili and tamales. The result is what might be expected: heavings, groanings and scorching belches—at least 30,000 earthquakes each year, more than 400 volcanoes either erupting or building up to an eruption, and great patches of the earth's skin forever wrinkling, stretching or peeling off. And over this tortured flesh men hop about, solemnly building, tearing down and talking about security — never much more than a burp's length away from eternity.

British Salesman

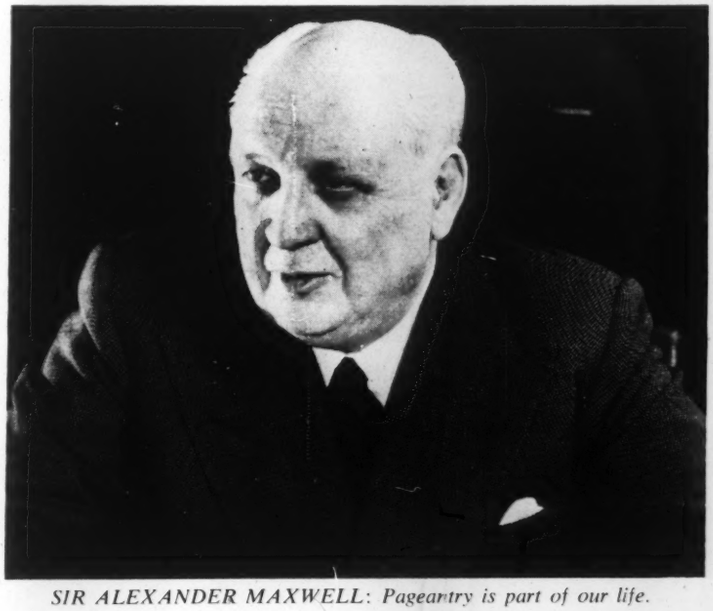
WHEN BRITAIN, drained by six years of war, looked around for ways to replenish a national treasury sorely depleted of dollars and other currencies, someone thought about the way tourists, especially North American tourists, spend money. The result was the appointment of Sir Alexander Maxwell, a very successful businessman, as the shilling-a-year Chairman of the British Travel Association, and results have shown that it was a pretty good choice; Britain's dollar earnings in tourist traffic from Canada and the United States have increased from $38 million in 1947 to more than $100 million in 1953.

We met Sir Alexander during his brief visit to Toronto and learnt that this was his 25th visit to Canada and that he had crossed the Atlantic 105 times, "at least one, sometimes two and occasionally three round trips a year". He went on: "My job, very simply, is to get more people to see Britain. The Coronation stimulated the interest of thousands who never thought of holidaying in Britain before, of course, but every year we have a long list of individual colorful events. Pageantry is part of our daily life in Britain."

He was a naval cadet with King George VI (who conferred a knighthood on him in 1943) and served with the Royal Navy Division in World War I. After the war, he went into his family's tobacco business and later became chairman of the British Indian Tobacco Company. Then in World War II, the British Government picked him to head a mission to Greece and Turkey, and in 1943 he was appointed Britain's Tobacco Controller.

One of the ideas, after he began to concentrate on the tourist trade, was the sending of three of London's double-decker buses on a goodwill mission to the United States and Canada. Very successful it was, too. Another idea was the weighing of mayors, a gimmick that has given him some ticklish moments. "Three years ago I was in Minneapolis," he said, "and had arranged to have the mayor weighed-in at his inauguration, as is still done in parts of Britain. It was impossible to borrow a set of mayoral scales from the U.K., so we settled on a set of jockey scales from the famous race-course at Epsom. We staged a rehearsal, with myself taking the place of the mayor. I was shattered to find that I couldn't fit into the scales." (He carries 210 pounds on his five-foot six-inch frame.) "Not knowing the mayor's proportions, I feared the whole thing would turn out to be a horrible flop. Fortunately, the mayor was a slimmer man. He fitted. But that's enough of that. Let me tell you about Britain. Good living has returned. I can sum it up by telling you that the roast beef of old England is back, with all the trimmings."

He made it sound good.



SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL: Pageantry is part of our life.

The Greek Gifts

WE HAD a couple of wayward notions the other night as we watched and listened to a concert put on by the Royal Festival Company of Greece. Soon after the program began, we decided that Ulysses took so long getting home from his wanderings not because he was enticed by sirens or enslaved by Lystragonians or penned up by Cyclopes but because he was having such a good time pottering about the Greek Islands that he hated to bring it to an end. Ulysses, being a devious fellow with a fine reputation for trickery to maintain, told his tales as much to cover up his own delight in what he had seen and heard as to satisfy the chaste and patient Penelope; possibly the only time he came close to the truth was in his story of the Lotus Eaters.

Then, as the people in the Festival Company went through songs and dances that were old when Socrates took his last drink, we felt a wind of kinship blow down the dim centuries from the sources of the heritage left by the Hellenes to the western world. Had others felt it? We looked around. The audience was not large and seemed to be made up mostly of people of Greek origin—people who knew full well the continuing richness of the heritage. The performance was something like that of a preacher exhorting the already converted. But the wind blew sweet out of Epirus and Chios and we could only feel sorry for those who were not there to breathe of it.

The Earth Turns

SNOW COMES to the country with a clean, bitter dignity: the naked trees groan and the dead stalks hiss as they accept their burden, and the men who have learnt to live with the seasons think of the moisture that will feed next summer's roots as they watch the softening of the corrugated face of earth. But snow comes to the city like a drunken bum reeling into an afternoon tea, with squeaks, slurps, screams and finally bedlam. Nature's laws are not to be turned aside by urban hysteria, however, and effect follows cause with the same grim inevitability in metropolitania as anywhere else. The city shakes off its first shuddering fright and begins to notice the inviting slopes in its parks. Then, a week or so later, the "For Sale or Trade" columns of the daily newspapers show wry new offerings: "Skis and lady's ski outfit, only used once".

Reuther in 1954

AS THE young year moved into its second month, employers whose contracts with their workers were due to expire in the next few weeks or months were estimating how far they could go to meet any new demands by labor without endangering their competitive position at a time when the battle for the consumer's dollar was more fierce than it had been for many years. The Ford Motor Company of Canada had already told its big Local 200, UAW-CIO, that "the company cannot, either today or in the foreseeable future, accede to the demands you have made on us. To grant even a portion of your major demands would put us in a serious position competitively".

While the Canadian auto workers stirred, their brethren in many plants in the United States were more interested in keeping their jobs than in making demands, and the UAW's Walter Reuther was silent, apparently absorbed in his duties as President of the CIO. Silent or not, Reuther was being watched closely by employers eager to know the tack the CIO would take this year.

Some of Reuther's own problems hinted at what might be forthcoming. He has been working strenuously to strengthen and tighten the CIO structure, preparatory to a merger with the AFL. Both Reuther and George Meany, the AFL president, want their two organizations to unite, and Reuther apparently wants that unity enough to let Meany take over the top job in a single federation. Not so long ago Meany spoke out against the theory of a guaranteed annual wage, something that was expected to be a major

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objective of CIO unions in the United States this year. Reuther has been a strong advocate of the guaranteed wage, but he may trade it (for this year, at least) for Meany's friendship. To make such a trade effective, however, Reuther will have to persuade the steelworkers, who are not among his warmest admirers, to go along with him.

Meanwhile, Reuther has been pursuing his long-range plans for strengthening the CIO itself. He believes that small unions should merge with stronger ones and has succeeded in allaying most of the fears of forced mergers that caused many of the small unions to oppose his election to the presidency of the CIO in 1952. But his success has not been complete; the United Transport Service Employees, for example, have rebelled against becoming a part of the big Transport Workers' Union, and this week officials of the CIO's Oil Workers' International Union are exploring ways of getting the independent organizations in the oil, chemical and allied industries to throw in with the OWIU.

Organizing will undoubtedly be a major activity of the CIO this year. Reuther wants a million new members, double the growth claimed for 1953, and it is clear that he must find them not only in the present independent unions but among the people still unorganized — the white-collar workers and retail employees, for example. This activity, along with his effort to reach a full understanding with the AFL, could make him a more conservative force in labor relations this year, particularly if he realizes (and he is too intelligent not to) that a bit of a chill has crept into the economic climate.

The Grandstand Show

WHEN WE CAME to an editorial in the Ottawa *Citizen* that began, "The CNE is causing distress among Torontonians concerned with culture," we read on, fully expecting a neat dig at the pretentious buffoonery of the culture-snobs who go around deploring anything that seems to find favor with the uninformed masses. But a few sentences later it became shockingly obvious that the silly ass who had written the piece was seriously worried about the effect on the Canadian soul of a grandstand show at the Canadian National Exhibition that would feature such uncultured but popular performers as Roy Rogers, his horse Trigger, his wife Dale Evans, her horse Buttermilk, and the rest of the Rogers' troupe.

"It is for Toronto itself to decide what it wants, and will endure, in the way of culture," he blatted. "But the rest of the country is entitled to intervene to the extent that the Toronto fair uses the name 'Canadian National'. . . Can a Canadian theme be hewn out of this material?"

Personally, we wouldn't go from here to there to watch Mr. Rogers perform, although we find Trigger vastly entertaining. Still, there are very large numbers of people in Canada as well as the United States who not only can endure Mr. Rogers without any pain but are prepared to pay for the privilege of watching him. Are they to be despised because they are willing to buy what Mr. Rogers has to sell and are unwilling to buy the shoddy nationalism and intellectual fuzz that some betwottled editorialist would peddle? The choice is theirs; they go to the grandstand show to be entertained and, having bought their tickets, that is what they have a right to expect. We can argue that Roy Rogers is not the best choice as an entertainer, but that is another question entirely.

We're a pretty bunch of poltroons if the development of a native culture depends on the spoon-feeding of reluctant grandstand customers at fairs and exhibitions which by their very nature are annual displays of the real work, physical and intellectual, of our people. And if we are, good *Citizen*, shouldn't those Dick Tracy and Cisco Kid comic strips give way to something better suited to the childish struggles of the Canadian intellect?

The Unruffled Reporter

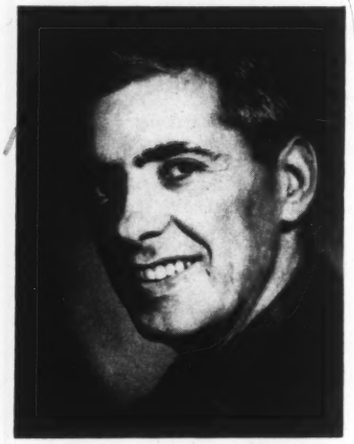
THE SUPERB ability of a certain kind of Englishman to meet any sort of an emergency with a cool under-statement has become legendary, but unlike most racial legends it stands up well under critical examination. Just a couple of weeks ago, for example, an incident occurred at Kampala, in Uganda, where there is a big hydro-electric development under way. The plant is to be opened officially by Queen Elizabeth in April, and a royal retiring room has been prepared for her visit. One of the men working at the plant looked into the room the other day, and then reported, "I say, there is a hippopotamus in the retiring room". And we're willing to bet that he said it just like that, a flat statement of an interesting, if odd, fact.

Friend of the Slave

BEFORE Dr. Ashley Montagu arrived in Toronto for his lecture at Holy Blossom Temple (he spoke there on Monday of this week), we got in touch with him to find out if he was still being buffeted by the storm he stirred up last year with his book, *The Natural Superiority of Women*.

"The book grew out of a magazine article I wrote," he said. "It got a great deal of publicity, of course, and actually most of the comment turned out to be overwhelmingly favorable. A few disgruntled men and some sourish women object to it, but they are a very small minority. I do a good deal of lecturing on this subject all over the United States and most of it, like my book, is designed to bring the sexes together, not to set them apart. Women are more highly developed than men, but unfortunately our culture has placed them in an inferior position. When one treats people as slaves and keeps them as slaves long enough, they begin to think of themselves as slaves, and that is the position of women today."

Dr. Montagu was born in England, studied at the University of London (where he was welter-weight boxing champion) and the University of Florence and went to the United States in 1931 to become professor of Anatomy at New York University. "I was brought up as a typical stuffed shirt and wasn't very human," he said. "America re-educated me. I came over with prejudices, but I stayed. I've been a lecturer on psychiatry, research director for the New Jersey Committee for Mental Health and Physical Development, an associate editor of a parent-child magazine, and since 1949 I've headed the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University. I've done some documentary films and written other books on anthropology and human relations.



Editta Sherman

DR. ASHLEY MONTAGU

"As a matter of fact, I'm always engaged on a whole stable of books. The one I'm working on now has been on the anvil for ten years. It is to be a book for students, professional workers and the general reader who wants to know something about the nature of human nature in order to apply it to the solution of human problems. What it amounts to is a sort of scientific Sermon on the Mount. I haven't found a title for it yet.

"Women? Of course, I've been studying women for many years, but I don't use questionnaires—just observation. And my wife, being a very beautiful and wise woman, knows what every wise woman knows, that I spoke nothing less than the truth in my book about women. I have three children; Audrey, who is 20, and Barbara, 17, both approve of the book but are too smart to say so. My 10-year-old son Geoffrey is rather indifferent about the whole business."

First Run

OUR RESPECTS go this week to Ramiro L. Colon, general manager of a coffee business in Puerto Rico, who had some advice for people dismayed by the high-wire antics of coffee prices. Coffee brewed in the first and second runs could be mixed, he said; restaurants do it without the customer knowing the difference. This confirms what has been a theory of ours for quite a while: a little fresh brew could be slipped into the usual 10-cent cup of coffee without sending the bedraggled taste-buds of the steady customer into a complete tizzy.

Personal

WILL THERE ever come a time when reading and writing will be optional subjects in school curricula, or dead arts pursued only by academicians? Prof. S. N. F. Chant, Dean of Arts and Science at the University of British Columbia, suggests such a dismal possibility in his provocative article on page 7 of this issue.

In the World Outside

MARTIN CODEL, who provides an authoritative news service for "management of the visual broadcasting and allied electronics arts and industry", spent a week a little while ago watching a color TV set in his Washington home. His purpose was to give a progress report on the broadcasting and reception of color TV. Our purpose in talking about his report is to give our readers some idea of what is going on in a big wonderful world forbidden to Canadians by the CBC, a government agency so jealous of power that it makes this country creep where others run.

Here, in part, is what Mr. Codel reported: "First colorcast observed was the Dinah Shore program . . . Producer Alan Handley chose to open it with minimum of color, add more as program progressed, thus experimenting with pastels . . .Color fidelity generally appeared quite accurate, except for some too-pink flesh tones . . . Second Dinah Shore colorcast was designed as a 'blaze of colors' . . . Polling viewers, we found a definite preference for the splash of color. For their first viewing, at least, they want to be overwhelmed with great variety of hues, highly saturated . . . Black-and-white reception on color set was very good . . . Registration is good. Up to 5-6 times picture height, a slight misregistration can sometimes be seen. Beyond that distance, none can be detected . . . But it seems like using a Cadillac to pull a plow to watch black-and-white on a color set —feasible but wasteful. . .

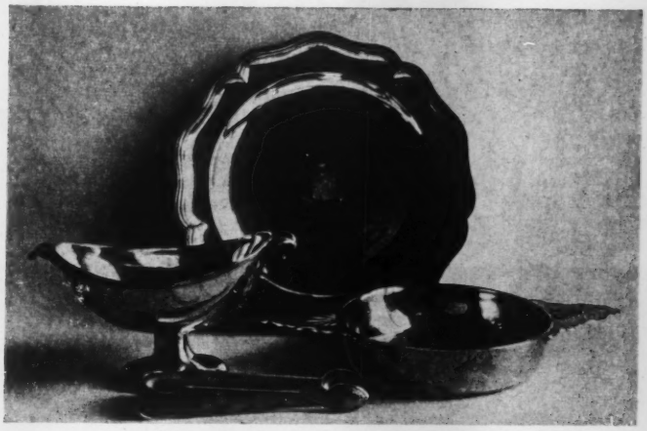
"One reaction of laymen, somewhat amusing but quite real, is that they assume color set will reproduce all programs in color, right now. And there's a definite desire for larger screen. . . One of our reactions, a very natural one, is that we get impatient waiting for the next scheduled color program. A color set without color programs is a most frustrating device indeed."

Mr. Codel also reported that more color sets were going to department stores, but that the prices were high, ranging between $900 and $1200.

From time to time, we'll make further reports on the progress of color TV, if only as a reminder, as the years go by in Canada, that there is such a thing as progress in television in the world outside.

Quebec Silverware Reflects Life of Early Society

ORNAMENTED OVAL DISH BY FRANCOIS RENVOYZE (1739-1819).
Early French-Canadian economy was based on silver, which was used extensively in the Indian trade. The silversmith thus became an important citizen. The greatest designer of his time was Renvoyzé.



EARLY DOMESTIC SILVER BY FRENCH AND LOCAL CRAFTSMEN.
Silver craftsmen were sent out from France as early as 1640, but the richest period for the Quebec silversmith's art was 1770-1800, when highly original patterns were created by Canadian artisans.

A PROCESSIONAL CROSS
Cross by Pierre Huguet Latour from Museum of Notre Dame. Much silver was for the Church.

ENGRAVED SOUP TUREEN BY LAURENT AMYOT (1763-1839).
Amyot studied under François Renvoyzé and succeeded his master as Quebec's leading silversmith. He was one of a family of fine craftsmen. The laurel swags on this tureen are typically 19th century.

CHURCHWARE BY LATOUR.
Pierre Huguet Latour was the leading silversmith in Montreal during the late 18th century.

CREAM AND SUGAR SET BY MONTREAL'S ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.
Cruikshank was one of the earliest of the country's English silversmiths. During the latter years of the 18th century, his clean, simple designs for domestic silver were very popular in Montreal.

CLASSIC TEAPOT DESIGNED AND MADE BY CRUIKSHANK.
This teapot was done toward the end of the great period of the Quebec silversmiths. After 1800, silverware usually bore the "company" mark rather than that of the individual craftsman.

Illustrations from Ramsay Traquair's "Old Silver of Quebec". Courtesy Macmillan Company of Canada.

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Reading and Writing: Vanishing Arts?

By S. N. F. CHANT

IN ANY SYSTEM of education those who teach are invariably a generation older than those who are taught. It is inevitable, therefore, that the habits of mind that teachers have formed during the period when they were growing up are never wholly in accord with the ways of the world in which their pupils are growing up. Life is always moving on, but technological developments and the changes they bring occur for the most part more rapidly than our habits change. If this were not so life would be utterly confusing. It is difficult to imagine how frantic and frustrating life would have been if people had acquired habits that led to as much haste and to such complex undertakings as are common today, before any of our modern methods of rapid transportation and communication had been provided. As William James pointed out: "Habit is the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance."

Nevertheless, the recurrent complaints that are voiced by some members of the older generation that they do not know what the younger generation is coming to, are usually statements of fact because their older habits of thought do not provide for a complete understanding of those whose habits are in some ways different. Conscientious teachers will always feel some disquietude over the ways of their pupils, principally because their own youth was spent in a somewhat different world.

The members of each succeeding generation naturally tend to overestimate both the importance and the permanence of their accustomed ways. This is quite understandable in view of the place which our habits occupy in all of our thinking and acting. Habits are not merely some well-fashioned forms of activity that we hold in reserve to bring forth as appropriate occasions demand. On the contrary, they are our customary ways of thinking and acting.

A large part of education is concerned with guiding the young in the formation of habits of thought and conduct that are significant for the older generation and, because one generation always merges into the next, still retain significance for the younger generation. But life continually presents new situations that require new skills, and the history of man's development over the centuries confirms neither the importance nor the permanence which we so often attribute to the habits of our own generation. Fifty years ago who could have guessed that knowing how to harness and drive a horse would be so unimportant as it is today? Every man's life spans but a brief period of human history and his habits are of primary importance to him, but he has little reason for believing that they will have equal importance for those who are born after him. The age in which we are living is one of very rapid change and we have even less occasion than our grandparents had for assuming that our grandchildren will depend upon the same habits that we have found to be important for us.

No one who at the present time is interested in the field of education would question the continuing importance of reading and writing. For many centuries they have formed the basis for all education and by them the wisdom of man has been passed down through the ages, because by their writings people can communicate their thoughts even to those who are born long after their time. But their importance is diminishing, and there are indications that reading and writing have by now passed the peak of their significance in human development and are in decline. One reason for this is that as a means of communication they are cumbersome in comparison with spoken language, except on occasions when time and distance are involved. They are slow, difficult to master, and devoid of the fine shades of meaning and emphasis that can be conveyed by differences of vocal tone and timing. For example, one can say "yes" in so many ways that cannot be expressed in print or in script. Moreover, the inaccuracies of spelling and punctuation that so many unwittingly commit are precluded when speaking.

It is easily seen, therefore, why the most recent technical developments in the field of communications have utilized the spoken rather than the written word and have succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of space and time which limit the use of one's unaided voice. To communicate over distances early man had to resort to smoke signals and tom-toms, but now the telephone provides a convenient means of quick communication over long distances and as a result it has become a handy substitute for a lot of note and letter writing. Talking pictures eliminated the tediousness of having to read headings and inserts. The radio with its newscasts, talks and stories already pre-empts some of the time that was previously devoted to recreational and informative reading, and now television brings a speaker or a drama into one's home and portrays events as they occur.

The pictorial nature of so-called audio-visual aids to teaching follows the same trend and even text-books are becoming more and more like picture magazines. Whether one approves of this or not it has already advanced a long way within the past ten years, and even those who deprecate it in principle condone it in practice by making use of the techniques and methods which promote it. Present-day teachers extol the advantages of school broadcasts which will become still more attractive when they are presented by television. How much more interesting it will be to see John Cabot land on the shores of Cape Breton, than merely to read about it.

As is usually characteristic of such developments, one can anticipate that in the future these trends will progress more rapidly than in the past, until reading and writing become distinctly secondary modes of communication. One may expect that present-day recording devices which have overcome the time factor by preserving vocal communications and which even now are being regarded as essential in some educational and business institutions, will be improved so that small and inexpensive machines that will record and reproduce spoken communications will be available for every home. At some not too distant time in the future, whenever one wishes to communicate with a distant friend all that one will need to do will be to press a button, speak into a little box, tear off a strip of tape and mail it. The recipient of the message will slip the tape into a similar little box, press a button and listen. This will be so much quicker, less cumbersome, and more intimate and personal than writing letters that no one will ever think of doing the latter.

SOME ONE WILL buy stories and magazines, not as at present in book or printed form, but in the form of small packages of tape to be inserted into the little box and one will follow the story by ear instead of by eye. Undoubtedly this will reduce the demand for glasses because people will not be straining their eyes by reading in a poor light until all hours of the night. One will fall gently off to sleep with the lights off, while the story goes on to be turned off automatically at some predetermined hour and turned back the next day to the point in the story where one fell asleep.

Of course, a considerable amount of writing will continue for such purposes as labelling articles, conveying personal announcements and notices, or for signing cheques and documents, but even so it will probably be found that a person's tone of voice when analyzed is harder to fake than his signature. It should also be borne in mind that, in spite of the opinions of some, education is one of the most conservative institutions we have and one of its recognized functions is to pass on to succeeding generations the lore of man's wisdom and skill; therefore, it cannot readily dispense with books.

Just as the study of Greek and Latin still continues at certain levels of education but with diminished emphasis, so, too, reading and writing will continue to be taught for a very long time to come because of their established place in our education program. In any case, they cannot be dispensed with suddenly, or before the means for vocal communication and recording have been mechanically perfected. One cannot predict the advances that will be made in methods of communication one hundred years hence, just as one hundred years ago no one could have foreseen the de-

Miller Services

Radio pre-empts some of the time previously devoted to informative reading. Now television portrays events as they occur.

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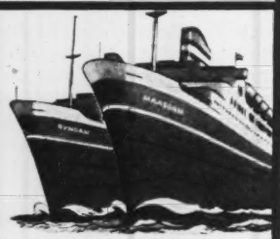

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velopment of television. However, centuries hence some people will probably take up reading and writing just as some today engage in fencing and archery for recreation.

This whole prospect may be startling or even repugnant to some. There may be some who either cannot or will not believe that this will come about because it conflicts too radically with their habits of mind. For the same reason, some of our great-grandparents could never believe that the motor car would replace the horse as a means of transportation and could never have imagined the possibility of utilizing tractors for ploughing. Of course, such persons are entitled to their opinions and unless they become too upset over the way the world changes in spite of their wishes, they will not suffer much from closing their eyes to what is going on about them. However, it is interesting to note that some of the most ardent users of the radio are members of the older generation, and what is even more significant is the fact that numerous educationists now talk over the radio more often than they write either books or articles.

There may be others who will feel more strongly and who will complain or be distressed about such changes, fearing that our whole way of life may be upset by them. Undoubtedly, some four hundred years ago those who were skilled in or who taught swordsmanship or archery were similarly distressed by the lack of interest and skill displayed by the younger generation in those accomplishments. Such concern is not unnatural because we rarely like to see others think and act in ways that are contrary to our accustomed ones, particularly if we have any personal interest in their development.

All through the ages advanced thinkers in the fields of religion, philosophy, politics, education and science have incurred the wrath of persons in authority because their ideas ran counter to the habits of mind then prevailing. No one can be wholly freed from his habits, nor in all likelihood completely avoid some uneasiness over those who think and act differently from himself. Thus it is when we see a child awkwardly struggling to tie his shoes, our fingers itch to tie them for him and we may become somewhat annoyed when our help is refused; after all, we can do it so quickly and so well for him. Likewise, when we know so well that reading a book is better for the mind than watching television programs we are provoked that some members of the younger generation fail to heed our advice.

It was always so; and there is nothing fundamentally unnatural about such attitudes, because if our habits were not somewhat resistant to change we would lack stability and order in our lives, and fall an easy prey to every passing whim. In fact, we would be seriously confused if, on most occasions, we did not know what to think and do. However, we should realize that to expect all others to think and act in ways that are akin to our own is not only futile but also denies the right of others to think for themselves, which is fundamental to personal liberty. As Thomas à Kempis admonished: "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

Of course we shall always strive to maintain those principles which we consider to be essential for good living, but we should not place hindrances in the way of those who try to give new expressions to these principles and who work to overcome some of the difficulties with which earlier generations have had to contend. Those who advanced the science of mechanics did not reject the principles of the wheel or of the lever which were in use long before their time. On the contrary, they developed new means for applying these principles more effectively, so that today they are used in ways that were never imagined in earlier times. So it is with many other developments and if, for example, spelling as an aid to communication is as difficult to master as some educationists imply, then certainly it will be discarded for some more facile means of achieving the basic aims of communication. Phonetic spelling was one rather unsuccessful attempt in this direction, but the possibilities of vocal communication are now being developed so rapidly that phonetic spelling is no longer a cause worth promoting.

Now I must admit frankly that like most educationists I am too conventional and old-fashioned to welcome wholeheartedly the changes that I see ahead, but I realize that they will occur regardless of my wishes. In fact, I prefer reading to listening to the radio, but I know that the modern trend is to read less and listen more. I am not inclined to hasten the advent of the changes I foresee; all of these things will come about soon enough without my help. On the other hand, to adopt a negative or obstructive attitude would be unavailing and conducive only to pessimistic reverie and foreboding. The cause of education will be better served by giving positive assistance to those who endeavor to use the new development in constructive ways.

In any case, I do realize that such changes will alter many of our educational objectives and methods and in so doing may contribute to the effectiveness of the learning that education is intended to foster. Consequently, I am not as perturbed as some educators appear to be over the changes that are occurring at present in the curricula of our schools and colleges. There are still greater ones to come, and some of these that are now taking place are but preparing the way for a number of more sweeping innovations. Some of the intellectual and manual skills that seem to be so important to us at present will not be nearly so important a century hence. Of course, one must remember that those who will live their lives in this generation must still persevere and strive to acquire the basic skills of reading and writing, quaint and inefficient though they will seem to others who will come along after those of us who struggle with present educational problems have lived out our brief span.

Current Account

How Pseudo Is Our Pscience?

By Hugh Garner

A COUPLE OF WEEKS ago I was taking my annual gander at the *Wall Street Journal* to see if I could find any mention of my Stanley Steamer stocks when I came across the heading, "The Scientists". This caught my attention, for I have had very little use for scientific accomplishment since finding out in childhood that I could manufacture the prototype of the telephone with two tin cans and a length of resined string. Under the main heading were the questions, "Why Is A Success?" and "Is TV the Solution to Educational Problems?", which further piqued my curiosity.

It turned out that the story which followed was a report by a staff writer named Ray Cromley of the yearly meeting of 6,000 American scientists, held in Boston at the beginning of the year. Of course, anything can happen in the scientific world now that the Tom Swift books are back to plague the present generation, and, as a dippy old Tom Swift character used to say, "Bless my suspender buttons!", science may be on the verge of discovering a cure for the hangover.

As soon as I had focussed my lorgnette on the body of the piece, I discovered that old Cromley had swept aside the scientific jargon to reveal the soft core of bewilderment that hides within every mathematical equation and physical theorem. Here for all the world to see was science stripped down to its long underwear, being pursued by full-dressed fact.

For instance, this august body of soft-boiled eggheads discovered, rather belatedly, that "their own careful experiments seem to show that non-scientists often do better jobs than scientists, and non-scientific ways often get better results than scientific methods in business and industry, in economics, in education and raising children". You'd think that would have been enough to have sent them home defeated, but they're not entirely crazy; here they were with a week's vacation being paid by such corporations as Standard Oil, General Electric, Du Pont, and the U.S. Government, and they were going to make the best of it even in Boston.

They embarked on a frenzied campaign of self-castigation that would have put to shame a 19th century Shaker meeting or a gathering of Whirling Dervishes, and announced, with masochistic glee, the following revealing facts: that many successful businessmen would abjectly fail any scientific test on what a successful leader should be; that junior executives who pass their leadership tests with honors are too often the ones the companies could do without; that scientifically planned college educations are an educational bust; and that the American economy works better left alone than when the economic scientists erect safeguards to "protect" it.

Although many of us have long felt that science was still years behind common sense, the junketing scientists were "amazed to discover" that an ordinary tennis coach makes more progress with a pupil than does a scientifically-trained reading teacher who tries to look into his student's home environment, parents' sex life and neighborhood jealousies in order to remove his complexes. They came to the tardy conclusion that the good pupils and the poor ones often share the same home problems.

They administered a well-deserved spanking to those "progressive" parents who have tried to bring up their children by the book, and, instead,

have helped to populate the Western world with a generation of hateful brats. Through a scientific system of soul-searching (or, I think, by being sauced by their own offspring) they learned that children learn much more from hit-and-miss extracurricular activities than from scientifically-planned studies. They also found out something they could have learned from a Hottentot housewife: "unscientific mothers who fondle their babies turn out a better product than the kind who follow too many scientific rules".

The business psychologists ended up with a stern warning to themselves to stay out of business, but their colleagues the physicists, mathematicians, chemists, biologists, psychiatrists, geologists, anthropologists, medical men and zoologists held on to their belief that the world would be a better place if it continued to follow their advice. They mulled over such problems as cheap education, understandable newspapers, the world's food supply, auto accidents, women drivers, the behavior of male lizards, and the discovery of new astronomical galaxies by radio.

Even though the scientists have used their ambivalence first to prove, then disprove, their long-blazoned witchcraft, they still delight in taking the joy out of such human foibles as golf, vacations and smoking at parties. After measuring how much a person relaxes while indulging in the three relaxations listed above, they came to the gleeful conclusion that he relaxes hardly at all. It has always been my contention that anybody who goes to a party to smoke, in the first place, should have his head shrunk, although this observation does not belong in the field of pure science.

Although they studied how fast a rumor travels, they kept the information to themselves, hoping perhaps that their wives wouldn't find out. They were years late in discovering that a person breathes faster and deeper when he is punished, and that it is very difficult for a human being to drink himself to death. They engaged in some biological shenanigans with mice, injecting some with male sex hormones (which caused them to fight at half the usual age), and placed some inamorous male mice in with females for sixty days, which caused them to become amorous, as any red-blooded mouse could have told them for the asking.

Some unnamed geniuses among their number voiced the opinion that "A" grades in school probably only meant that the student had a good memory, and that oftentimes troublemakers in business were a bigger asset than their meek and mild co-workers. They also found that some people spend more money than they've got because their parents didn't give them enough love and affection (and, we might add, their husbands give them too much).

Although they discussed how to prevent earthworms from digging holes in golf courses, and why newspaper editors consistently put their hot news on the right side of the front page, when readers usually look at the left side first, neither the worms nor editors had anything to say, which only shows the innate superiority of these lesser forms of animal life.

The scientists speculated that if the earth gives out, food could be grown on a satellite planet, while one of their number figured out that enough seaweed and sea moss could be grown on 11 million square miles of ocean to support twice the present population. Protein content or not, I hope they begin breeding steers on an asteroid before the Sunday roast gives way to a seaweed vegetable plate.

One scientific gentleman (probably following the cocktail break) advocated placing an atomic pile at the bottom of the sea, to force up the water from the ocean bottom and bring new organic growth to feed the close-to-the-surface fish. Another scientific character said we should seriously study the rat, agouti and kangaroo as major food sources. "The larger kangaroos are especially favorable," he said, "as they reproduce readily, and . . . they should give plenty of good meat." Then to the applause of his audience he hopped from the rostrum, stuffed his notes into his marsupial pouch, and headed for the lush green grass of Boston Common.

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE

GEORGETOWN, ONT

Ottawa Letter

Pay Boosts, Housing and Unemployment

By John A. Stevenson

THE VERY SLOW PROGRESS made with legislation in the House of Commons augurs ill for a termination of the session before June, but several profitable debates have enlivened its recent sittings.

When the Prime Minister outlined the Government's proposals for increases in the remuneration of ordinary members of Parliament, Ministers and the Speakers of both Houses, he made out a well-reasoned case for them. Outright opposition to the proposals was voiced only by two members of the CCF, Angus MacInnis and W. R. Thatcher.

An attempt by Mr. Drew to move an amendment, urging that an investigation by a Royal Commission should precede the authorization of any increases of salary, received very short shrift from the Speaker and Mr. Drew thereupon gave a qualified blessing to the plan. But he made the pertinent observation that he had never noticed any difficulty in obtaining recruits for the Senate at the present scale of indemnities and demanded an assurance from the Government that its reform should be tackled without delay. For the CCF, Mr. Coldwell admitted the need of higher indemnities, but thought that an increase of the ordinary member's remuneration to $8,000 instead of $10,000 would be adequate. He also made it clear that his party would object strongly to the Senate being made equal beneficiaries of the increase, and in this stand he could probably count upon the support of some Liberals, especially in the light of the evidence of a recent Gallup poll which showed that more than 60 per cent of the voters tested disapproved of any increase in the remuneration of our Parliamentarians.

The coldness of the public to such an increase can hardly fail to be intensified by the indecorous exhibition of bad manners staged by a large group of Liberal backbenchers when there was a division on the second reading of the Government's Housing bill. In winding up the debate, the Hon. R. H. Winters, Minister of Public Works, professed to have been greatly pained by the unflattering descriptions such as "cruel hoax", "gigantic bluff", "a mockery, snare and delusion", which members of the opposition had applied to his bill. After administering quite good-humored rebukes to his critics, he insisted that the sincerity of their views must be tested by a vote. When the division was taken only two members of the CCF, Colin Cameron and W. R. Thatcher, voted against the bill, and the rest of the opposition members present helped to swell the Government's majority. When members like J. M. Macdonnell, George Hees, E. D. Fulton, Mr. Coldwell and C. E. Johnston stood up to vote, they were subjected to a barrage of jeers, catcalls and taunts from the Liberal back benches.

CP

R. H. WINTERS: A testing vote.

Presumably the authors of this uncouth serenade wanted to show their sympathy for Mr. Winters and to cast jibes at opponents who balked at voting against a bill they had criticized severely. In the heat of a controversial debate, when partisan spirit is strongly aroused, an exchange of jeers and taunts has always been accepted as part of the parliamentary game, but it is a very different matter during a division. When a party commands an overwhelming majority in a Parliament it is peculiarly incumbent upon it to show generous consideration for the much weaker opposition and it is noticeable that experienced, well-bred Liberal members, like J. F. Pouliot, always show a studied courtesy towards their opponents. Furthermore, Parliament is supposed to be recruited from men and women of standing in their communities and its members are, therefore, expected to show a pattern of civilized manners to the country, not to behave like juvenile partisans of hockey teams.

MR. PEARSON'S review of the international situation on January 29 was on the whole a creditable performance. Since he assumed his present high office, his rather schoolboyish mode of speech has matured into a confident style and he handles international affairs with a surer touch, born of experience. He proposed no bold departures in our international policy and expressed his general concurrence with the line adopted by the representatives of the United States, Britain and France at the Berlin Conference. But he revealed himself more disposed to share the pessimism of Mr. Dulles than the optimism of Sir Winston Churchill about a definite change having occurred in the political climate at Moscow since the death of Stalin.

Mr. Diefenbaker, making his debut as his party's spokesman on international affairs in place of the late Mr. Graydon, showed an informed knowledge of recent developments and gave a qualified approval both to the contents of Mr. Pearson's speech and the Government's policy, but pressed strongly for information about its attitude towards trade with the countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Mr. Coldwell, while he had no outright quarrel with the Government's policies, was highly critical of certain aspects of them and dwelt upon more generous assistance to the improvement of the lot of their people. Mr. Low, for the Social Credit party, specialized in elaborate calculations about the relative amounts of wordage expended by the Communists and the western democracies at conferences and wanted as little truck or trade with the former as possible, even going so far as to make the odd suggestion that Russia and her satellites should be ejected from the UN.

Mr. Drew complained that the whole discussion had been unrealistic and that Mr. Pearson had contributed no information which had not previously been published in the press. But he sprinkled his speech with so many categorical imperatives like "Do not let anybody suggest", "Do not distort history", etc., that it bore some of the earmarks of a lecture by a superior expert to an ignorant audience. However, the debate made plain that the Ministry's foreign policy is still supported by all parties.

THE SPECTRE of unemployment is going to haunt our Ministers in the months that lie ahead as evidence accumulates that its volume, in proportion to the number of workers, is much larger in Canada than in either Britain or the United States. There is considerable discrepancy between the statistics about unemployment supplied each month by the National Employment Service and the Labor Force Survey of the Bureau of Statistics. The latest report of the former placed the number of unplaced applicants for jobs registered at its offices on December 10, 1953, as 338,100, which was roughly 101,000 above the figure for the comparable date in 1952. The latest official British figures (from the Labor Gazette) showed that the unemployed total on November 10, 1953, totalled 311,397. The seasonal decline in employment caused by the impact of winter is always much smaller in Britain than in Canada.

In the weeks elapsed since December 10 there has been a steady rise in the number of the Canadian unemployed, accompanied by numerous cuts in working time. The heads of our labor organizations maintain that by the end of January the size of the workless army was well in excess of 400,000, which would be about 8 per cent of our total civilian labor force. According to the latest report of the Bureau of the Census at Washington, the number of wholly unemployed in the United States in January was 2,360,000, which represented 3.8 per cent of the total labor force. If the estimates are correct, our ratio of unemployment is twice as large as that of our neighbor.

The Minister of Labor, the Hon. Milton Gregg, who is a diligent and in many ways admirable occupant of his office, undaunted by these grim figures, offered Parliament plausible explanations of them and deprecated the drawing of a gloomy picture of the whole national economy on the basis of the plight of certain industries which were in the process of making adjustments to new conditions.

E. C. PHILLIPS **G. E. HILL, Q.C.**

Grant E. Cole, executive vice-president and general manager of Trane Company of Canada Limited, announces that at a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, E. C. Phillips and G. E. Hill, Q.C., were elected directors of the company.

Mr. Phillips is vice-president and assistant general manager. Mr. Hill is a partner in the law firm of Holmested, Sutton, Hill and Kemp and a director of other companies.

At the same meeting, Wayne J. Hood was appointed treasurer and L. V. Sutton, Q.C., secretary.

Other members of the board are R. James Trane, president, and D. C. Minard. *

Films

Period Affair

By Mary Lowrey Ross

MOVIE-GOERS with a taste for elegance set to Strauss may spend an agreeable hour and a half at *The Loves of Madame D,* a film whose story is set largely in stately European embassies in the late '80s. It is a tale of marital infidelity, told with a sort of mournful sprightliness, and presented by Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux and Vittorio de Sica, a highly polished trio. The three move languorously through the intricacies of an affair as formal as a period waltz; and while there are suggestions of impropriety, the most vigilant censor could hardly take exception to an affair conveyed with so much tact and high-styling.

"Madame D" (Danielle Darrieux) is the wife of a French general (Charles Boyer), who treats her with distinguished neglect. She is an extravagant matron and, when pressed for cash, sells a pair of diamond earrings to the family jeweller. The jeweller sells them back to the general, who resourcefully turns them over as a farewell gift to an inamorata. Eventually they come into the possession of an Italian diplomat (Vittorio de Sica) in love with Madame D. He restores them to their original owner who in turn offers them up to her favorite saint, for by this time the general and the diplomat have arrived at the icy propriety of a duel. Thus the earrings become the symbol, in turn, of vanity, infidelity, love, expiation and death.

It is a highly artificial film, but the artificiality in this case is the picture's chief charm. Danielle Darrieux is lovely to look at. So are her clothes. So are the manners of the general and the diplomat. So, above all, are the sets, shining with cut crystal and starred with lilies, and the vast embassy rooms where the lovers waltz and waltz till they are ready to drop with languor and love.

The Loves of Madame D is a Franco-London film, and the dialogue is French with English titles. Unfortunately, the translation is not nearly as elegant as the production or the original dialogue. For example, "Vous plaisantez?" is translated "Are you kidding?"

Trouble in Store, an English comedy, presents Norman Wisdom for the first time to Canadian audiences. He is a smallish actor with a commonplace woebegone face, and a willingness to please that leads him to drop into manholes, plunge into duck-ponds and even to set himself on fire. He also sings in a pleasant though rather cloudy baritone. He is a favorite of English audiences, who are great admirers of energy and stamina in their comedians. But he can hardly be said to be irresistibly funny.

Most of the action in the current Wisdom comedy takes place in a large London departmental store; and since there is always a certain pleasure for the average consumer in seeing a department store taken apart, the film moves along at a lively pace. Margaret Rutherford wanders in and out of the plot, laden as usual with an assortment of large bags. She is a kleptomaniac, who goes about lifting hats, neckties and suitcases with the pleasing innocence of a five-year-old picking public tulips. The film might very profitably have made more use of Miss Rutherford who, with her invincible single-mindedness and her incorrigible loose-wittedness, is one of the great ornaments of the British screen. I only hope nobody ever gets the idea of making her a Dame of the British Empire and setting her up with a sense of responsibility towards her art.

With all the local theatres playing holdovers, I dropped in for another look at *Julius Caesar* and found the second glimpse of the Mankiewicz production even more impressive than the first. In any terms, modern, classical or Shakespearean, it's a fine stirring piece of action and oratory. It is still drawing a good attendance, and probably will for some time. It isn't every day you find a film that substitutes the third dimension of the imagination for Three-D.

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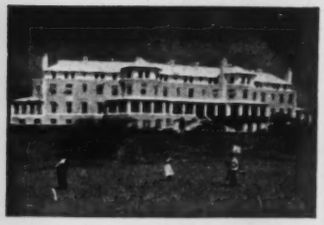

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Letter from Montreal

On Agreeing To Disagree

By Hugh MacLennan

ONE OF THE CURIOUS things about living in Montreal is that you learn, almost without realizing you are doing so, to make automatic adjustments to a basic fact of Canadian life. Elsewhere this fact is often forgotten, but here it is a part of the air we breathe. It is this: Canada's existence as a nation depends on the ability of Canadians and *Canadiens* to respect each others' motives, even at the cost of making apparent compromises with deeply-held principles.

Strangers among us often remark that Canada is an exceptionally peaceful country, and we don't mind hearing them say so. But few strangers show that they understand why we are peaceful. The most important reason, of course, is that Canadians and *Canadiens* have learned to behave as though all moral principles are, at best, working principles, even though in theory we refuse to admit as much lest our moral lives be reduced to anarchy.

So, in practice if not in theory, we constantly agree to disagree, and the civic history of Montreal shows innumerable instances of this behavior-pattern. The latest is the controversy stirred up by the banning of the film *Martin Luther* by the Quebec board of film censors.

This act of censorship has evoked a deluge of letters in the Montreal press and in other provinces it has been attacked as a violation of civil liberties, if not as an act of deliberate oppression by the Roman Catholic majority in Quebec. As such affairs can be dangerous if misunderstood or exaggerated, it is important to examine the issues and determine, if we can, what actually has happened and what actually is at stake.

In Montreal, nearly all Roman Catholics who have expressed themselves feel that the censors were right; nearly all Protestants feel they were wrong. But the Quebec Protestants who suffer from the ban, at least to the extent of being unable to see the picture, are less indignant and fearful than are Protestants in other sections of the country. This does not mean that we value our principles less. It means only that we live closer to a basic fact in Canadian national life.

I probably speak for most Protestants when I say I am hostile to censorship in any form. So long as the laws of libel are enforced, I believe that men should be free to say what they think, for each man who sets up his opinion in judgment of others, automatically sets himself up for judgment, too.

But I also know that my attitude toward censorship is one I have to a large extent inherited from an age in which the motion picture industry did not exist. Specifically I have inherited it from an historical cataclysm — the English puritan revolution for which John Milton was the most eloquent spokesman. In the *Areopagitica* which Milton wrote in 1644, he speaks for me in 1954:

"The State shall be my governors, but not my critics." And again: "For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power."

Because I have inherited Milton's attitude toward censorship, also because I know I would starve in a society in which free speech was abolished, the whole shape of my mind impels me to disapprove of this action of the Quebec board of film censors in banning the film on the life of Martin Luther. But at the same time I think it unfortunate, even dangerous, if English-speaking Protestants take it for granted that this particular act of censorship is an example of crude suppression.

In matters of censorship, the Quebec attitude is the traditional Catholic one, a conservative point of view which seeks ways of protecting society from ideas it considers false or harmful. The Protestant view is historically revolutionary; so much so, in fact, that Milton's own puritan Parliament rejected the plea of his *Areopagitica*. The Protestant view of Milton believes that men, given a choice of truth and falsehood, will choose truth. History shows that men sometimes choose truth, sometimes falsehood, and if falsehood has a more skilful or powerful advocate, it often wins.

In the case of the censorship of *Martin Luther*, these two divergent principles have once more come into conflict.

ALEXIS GAGNON, chairman of the censorship board, declared that the decision to ban *Martin Luther* "was in keeping with previous decisions regarding films offensive to various religious groups". He went on, "History is told from both sides very differently. But if you want people to respect each other, you can't hold things they respect up to ridicule. If we had a film that showed Martin Luther as a scoundrel, we would reject it." He then pointed out that Quebec had banned *Oliver Twist* for the same reason that it now bans *Martin Luther*. The censors believed that the portraval of Fagin would offend the Jewish community and might even stir up hatred against Jews among ignorant people.

A Protestant like myself, basically hostile to censorship in any form, may disagree with reasoning like this, but he should be fair enough to respect the motives behind it. And certainly he helps nobody if he becomes enraged and declares that Protestantism has been singled out for persecution in the Province of Quebec.

International Film Distributors
NIALL MACGINNIS portrays Martin Luther in the controversial film.

No film which gives an accurate account of Luther's career can fail to appear to most Catholics as an attack on their Church and on some of their most cherished beliefs. Mr. Gagnon complains that this particular film shows a pope in an unfavorable light; it shows him advocating the sale of indulgences. The pope with whom Luther quarrelled did support the sale of indulgences, and this scene could not be cut from the film without reducing Luther's role to that of an irresponsible rebel against authority. But later popes banned the sale of indulgences and reformed most of the abuses which caused Luther's revolution. Thus, a film like this one may be true to history and so acknowledged by Catholic historians; it may do all in its power to be just to Catholics, yet be considered by the Church to be unfair because it is not true to enough history over a sufficient length of time.

Nor does it necessarily follow, in this particular case, that Milton's argument that truth and falsehood should grapple is really pertinent. It is simple to answer one pamphlet with another and relatively simple to answer one book with another. But it is not only difficult, it is enormously expensive, to answer one motion picture with another. Nor would truth and decency be served if a film were made portraying Luther as a rogue.

So here, once again, we have in Montreal an illustration of the basic fact in Canadian national life. Once again, Canadians and *Canadiens* must agree to disagree with courtesy and mutual respect. Protestants in Quebec live here by choice, not by compulsion. While Montreal Protestants dislike this Catholic decision, we realize that in a democratic society the will of the majority must be accepted, just as we realize that a man could hardly be a true and devout Catholic if censorship appeared to him to be an institution as unqualifiedly harmful as it appears to most of us.

Foreign Affairs

The Berlin Conference Is Different

By Willson Woodside

IT IS A risky business to assume, at this stage of the Berlin Conference, that it will still be going on by the time this is read. However, I think it will, because otherwise it must have been a failure and one that could reasonably be blamed on the Russians, for refusing to stop talking about a future conference with China and get down to the present business of discussing German and Austrian affairs. I don't think it is the Russian scheme of things to have a flat failure, at this time, in their campaign to "relax international tension".

It will be recalled that the Soviets accepted this conference in November, to avoid being blamed, as they had been, for turning down every Western invitation to talk and thus condemning the world to a further prolonged period of stress and strain. In view of their internal situation, which no one would portray as desperate, but which, nevertheless, is moving them to very great efforts to satisfy the long-pent-up demand of the people for an easier life, I cannot believe that the new Soviet leaders have any desire to resume the cold war in earnest at the present time.

I know it is argued by some that they have not come to Berlin because of difficulties at home but in pursuit of their objective of delaying French ratification of the European Army pact and, if possible, splitting France away from the Western alliance. Because of the danger of their making progress with this, more perhaps with French political and public opinion than with M. Bidault, it is said that we would have been wise to avoid the meeting altogether.

But I don't accept this myth of a super-clever Soviet diplomacy. Undeniably, they have revealed in their press their hopes of breaking the French out of the Western alliance by playing on the profound French desire to end the Indo-China war and France's great hesitancy to enter into a union with Germany. So, also, they once had great plans for blocking French participation in the Marshall Plan and NATO, for squeezing us out of Berlin, for communizing Germany, and for making out that the American were such germ warfare fiends that no decent people could associate with them. All of these great plans, to which, in turn, they devoted all of the immense political and propaganda resources of world Communism, fell flat.

Admitting that there is plenty to worry about in the development of the French situation, we should appreciate that if the Soviets are now concentrating the main hopes of their European policy on France, it is because they have failed so signally in Germany. The nine years since Potsdam have been nine years of failure for them in the main battlefield of the cold war. Why, they can't even be sure of a German Communist Party big enough to make a nuisance of itself in a free German parliament; there is no prospect whatever of one powerful enough to attempt a *coup d'état*. The June revolt in East Germany was a veritable Waterloo for Soviet policy in Germany.

Nor can I accept the notion that it was futile to hold this conference in the first place, or that it cannot be anything but a repetition of the *Palais Rose* affair of 1949, or that nothing can possibly come of it. The *Palais Rose* meeting was five long years ago. NATO had just been born. Since then, we have been through the Korean War, through years of tense international strain, through an atomic and hydrogen bomb race. We have teetered at the threshold of another world war.

We have lived in this sort of a world for so long some observers have come to look upon it as normal for these times. The reaction of people everywhere, inside and outside of the Soviet Union, since Stalin's iron hand fell from the cold war throttle, has shown that it is not.

People cannot live under such strain indefinitely. I was quite convinced that the European peoples I visited recently could not endure it much longer. In an article here a fortnight ago I tried to show that the same reaction among the people of the Soviet Union had forced a broad shift of Kremlin policy towards an easier life. And even on this continent, where life has been relatively easy all along, and despite perhaps exaggerated fears that slackening arms production might bring on a depression, it has taken little encourage-

THE MAN BETWEEN: The special target of Soviet policy at Berlin, M. Bidault is the most experienced Western minister in such Big Four meets.

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The circumstances surrounding the Berlin Conference are different from those of *Palais Rose* days, and the conference is different. Molotov may open with the same old speech, but he only makes it once or twice; he doesn't go on for weeks. He may propose what we consider a back-to-front agenda; but when we accept that agenda he allows us to pass on from his favorite point of a Big Five Conference on the fifth day.

Here is a little passage from Eden which seems to me to represent the changed spirit of this conference. He urged Molotov, on the fourth day, to agree to set aside the Soviet proposal for a meeting with Communist China for the time being, and pass on to the German and Austrian questions. "This will give us time," he said, "for further reflection and exchanges with each other which we hope may prove fruitful."

Now this is only the sort of reasonable approach you would expect from Mr. Eden. But this time Mr. Molotov agreed to it, whereas at the *Palais Rose* the agenda was used as a battleground to delay any useful talk on the real questions at issue, the settlement of Germany and Austria. I don't think that the Russians, or perhaps ourselves, are quite ready yet to *settle* these questions. The cold war thaw is, after all, fairly recent. We are watching each other's moves with the deepest scepticism and suspicion. Probably the Soviets are not ready, so soon after the revolts of last June in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, to pull their forces out of Germany and take them back home. Probably we are not ready yet to say that the addition of German forces to the Western defence system, in one way or another, is not so urgent as it was.

It is too soon to achieve a German settlement, not because it is nine years since Potsdam or seven years since Marshall, Bevin and Bidault went to Moscow to make the first serious start on a German treaty, but because it is only one year since the death of Stalin. However, the foreign ministers will at least talk around it, and it is possible that they will end by setting up a commission of deputies to work on it. Then, if things continue to develop favorably, a treaty might be signed in a year or two—who knows?

Berlin looks more like the beginning of a new series of meetings than the end of an old series. If we make some progress there, it will be because we are stronger since the last conference and they, without Stalin, are weaker. It will be because the nations are frightened, and some are exhausted, after years of facing the prospect of atomic war. It will be because the new leaders of Soviet Russia are still jostling for power, cannot be sure of their own people or the satellites in an all-out crisis, and realize they must consolidate their present position before resuming whatever schemes they may have for spreading Communism or Russian imperialism further over the world.

It may be argued that we shouldn't allow them to gain time in this way, so as to consolidate their position at home and resume their aggression later. But we can use time, too, to consolidate Western Europe and develop the Atlantic Community. Besides, democratic governments — especially those of Western Europe today—simply cannot refuse to confer with the Soviets if this offers any possibility of decreasing tension and reducing heavy defence burdens.

Finally, who knows what the situation may be or who may be in control of the Soviet Union or the satellites by the time the intended period of relaxation has run its course? The reaction against the long cold war which Stalin carried out against his own people and the satellite peoples before he turned it on us may run deeper and further than anyone can now foresee. We should beware against being fooled by the Soviets, but also against assuming that only the worst can happen.

•

Bold Hint

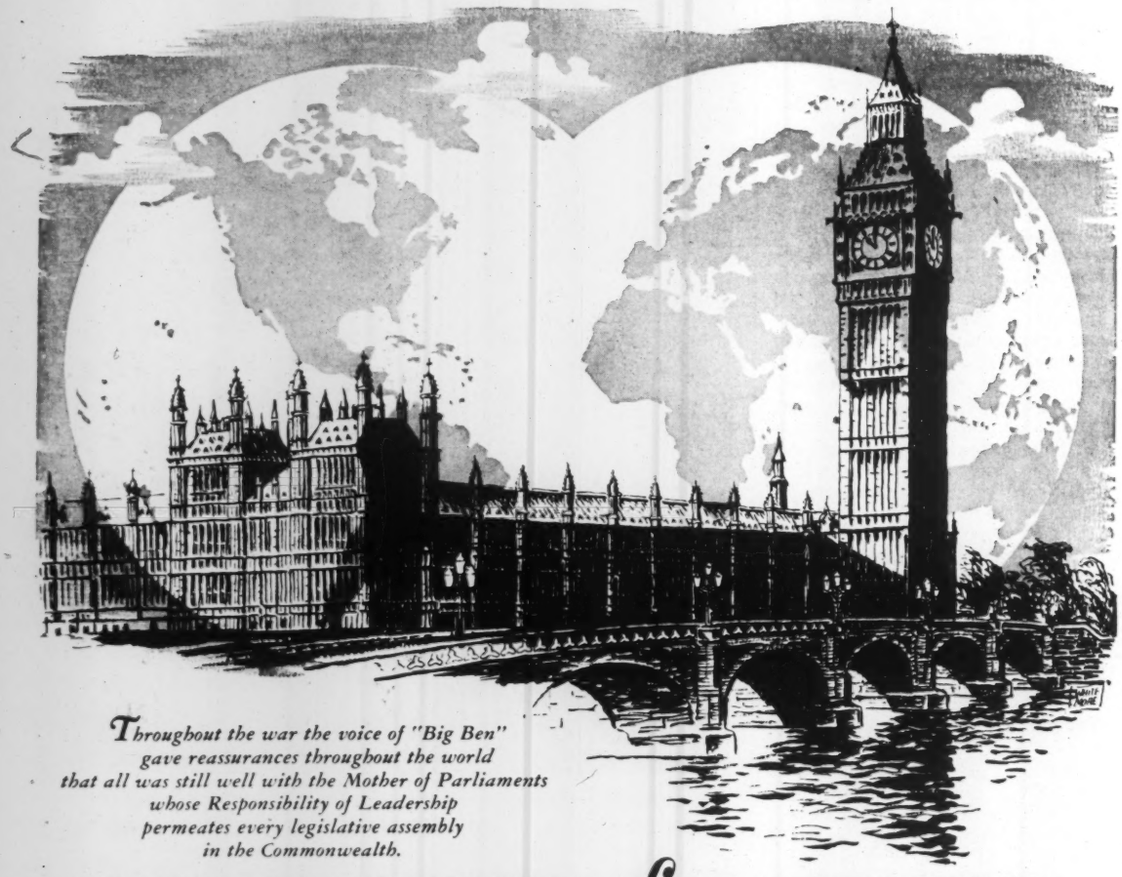
I dream of some wicked, heavenly scent,
Not of a sweater that fits like a tent.

I yearn for a trailing cerise negligee,
Utterly useless, but frothy and gay.

There is nothing practical I adore—
My happiest gifts are those that ignore

My dignified aspect, my manner subdued,
And brazenly match my frivolous mood!

MAY RICHSTONE



Throughout the war the voice of "Big Ben" gave reassurances throughout the world that all was still well with the Mother of Parliaments whose Responsibility of Leadership permeates every legislative assembly in the Commonwealth.

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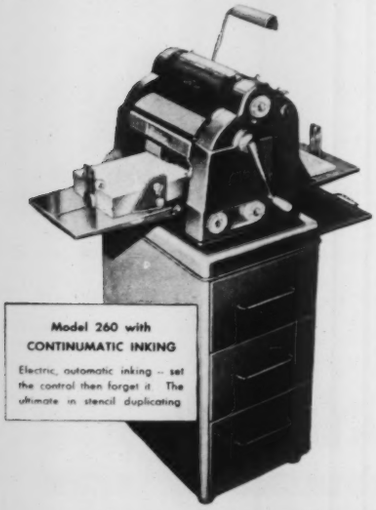
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Letter from London

Age, Youth and the Marks of War

by Beverley Nichols

"HOW DOES IT FEEL to be respectable at last?"

That was the question I put to Jacob Epstein—forgive me, *Sir* Jacob Epstein—the day after the New Year's Honors list was published. We had met by hazard in that enchanted avenue, the Burlington Arcade. He was wandering along in an old grey overcoat, with one of his most famous models on his arm . . . a woman no longer young, but still strikingly beautiful. "He does not look in the least like a knight," I thought. "He looks like my old friend, for whom the striking of rocks has been even more rewarding than it was for Moses. The rocks gave Moses only water; to Epstein—and to the world—they gave dreams. Eternal dreams."

"But I'm *not* respectable," he cried, seizing my arm with his strong, delicate fingers. "I'm Epstein. And my title should be Epstein of Europe. At the same time, I've never tried to be disreputable. Which people sometimes forget."

We wandered along into Piccadilly, where the lights were beginning to twinkle through the mist, and the first "Sale" placards were cropping up in the shop windows. Not for the first time I marvelled at the paradoxes of the British spirit. Here was a man who, thirty years ago, was a butt of the music-halls. His inspired plaque of Rima, in the bird sanctuary of Hyde Park, was regarded as so outrageous that it was constantly daubed with paint by enraged citizens. And now . . . Queen Elizabeth will flash a sword over his shoulder, and say "Arise, Sir Jacob".

Toronto Star

EPSTEIN'S "Madonna and Child" in Cavendish Square . . . "a work of the utmost tenderness and repose".

I like that sort of thing. I hope you do, too.

If you are in London, and if you would like to see the work which (so Epstein thinks) prompted the authorities to grant him this great honor, you must go to Cavendish Square, to the Convent of the Holy Child. There you will find his Madonna and Child, a work of the utmost tenderness and repose. It is a strange experience, to stand looking up at it, with the sound of the traffic around you.

And the future of the new knight? In spite of the fact that he is not far off the seventies, it is energetic and exciting. He has just completed a master-work for Philadelphia, which will be set up in Fairmont Park next October. Its title? "Social Consciousness".

"Good Lord!" I said. "When they gave you that theme, whatever did you think of?"

"Nothing," said Epstein, tersely. "I got a headache. But I've thought of plenty, since."

As we find ourselves in Piccadilly, we might walk on for another fifty yards and turn into the courtyard of Burlington House. That is what an inordinate number of people are doing, in order to see the breath-taking collection of Flemish masters which has been gathered from all over Europe.

If I were to attempt to describe these pictures in terms of line and color, you would be quite justified in turning the page. Even Ruskin was tedious when he tried to repaint a picture in prose. But there is the historical aspect of them that might interest you. You will find it in the room devoted to the Van Dycks.

The Van Dycks blaze at you with an almost embarrassing intensity; the portraits are so vivid that you feel it is almost rude to stare at the sitters. Some of the finest are lent by the Queen, including a number of portraits of King Charles the First. Now I learnt a lot about Charles the First at school, but I never understood him until this exhibition. Here are a few things that Van Dyck, quite emphatically, has proclaimed about Charles the First, for all time, in these pitiless portraits:

1. Charles had acute dyspepsia, and was very obviously—how shall I put it?—Let us say in need of "roughage".

2. He was an insomniac.

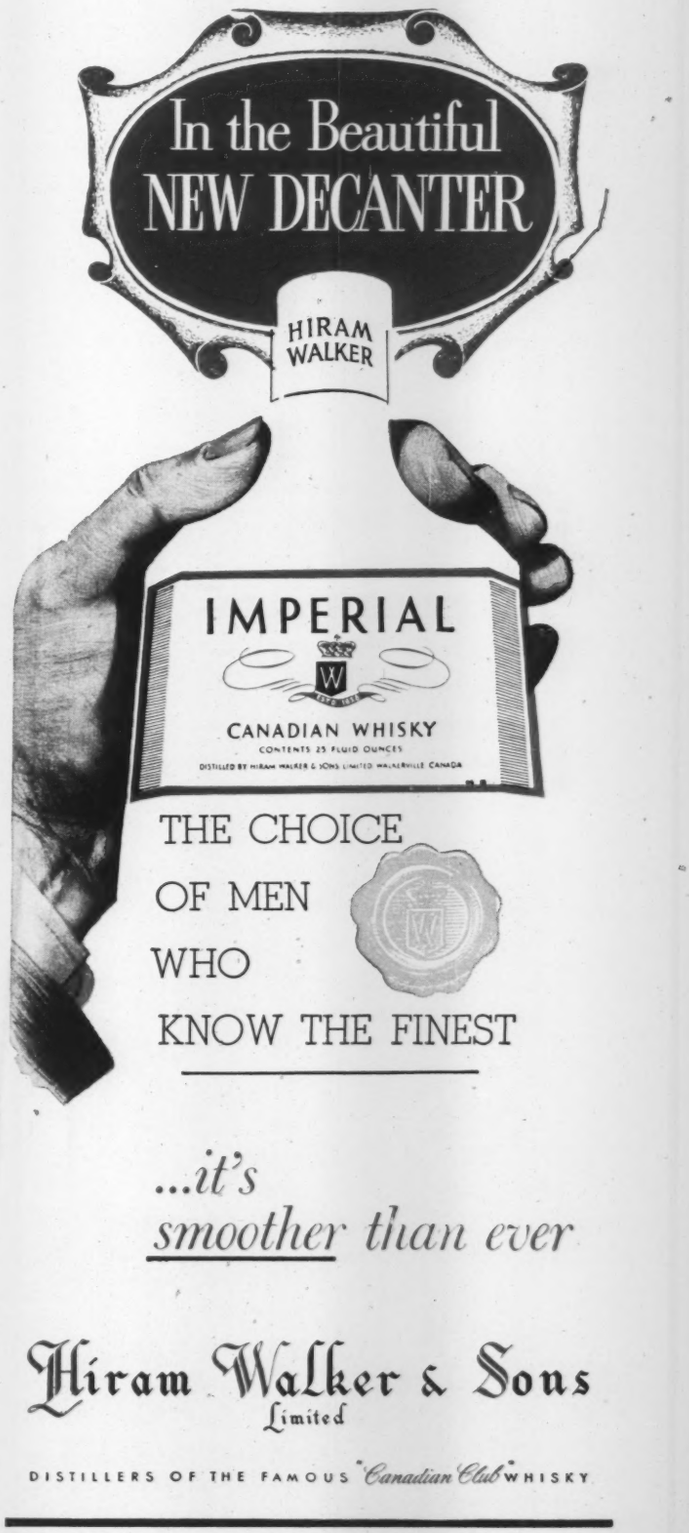
3. His blood pressure was distinctly sub-normal — I should guess about 110.

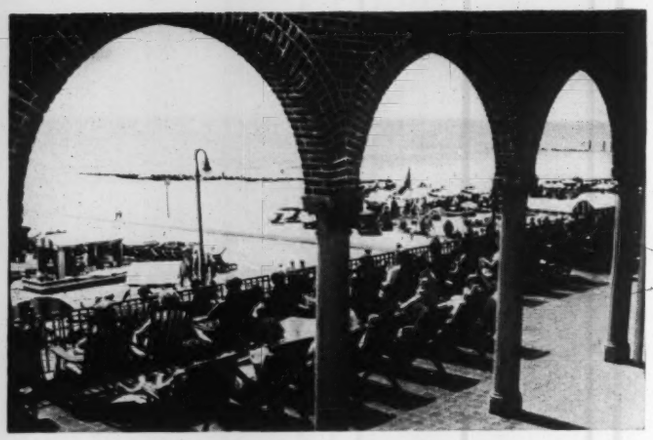
4. He had an incipient sinus, which would have become acute if the complaint had not been solved by the rather drastic method of cutting off his head.

How do I know all this? Because it is there for any fool to see, written by Van Dyck in streaks of bilious yellow and lurid red. And because of it, three centuries ago, the sober stream of English history suddenly plunged over the rapids, and swirled and sparkled into revolution, sweeping into the limelight an exceptional bore with a wart on his nose, called Oliver Cromwell.

Which will be quite enough controversial matter for the moment.

IT WAS a sad little group that gathered at Croydon to greet the arrival of Viscountess Norwich, whom the world has known for so many years as the loveliest woman





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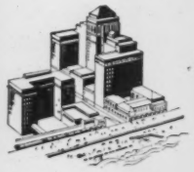

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of the twentieth century — Lady Diana Cooper. For with her, in a chartered plane, came the coffin containing the body of her late husband.

Dusk was falling, and the first really bitter winds of winter were sweeping across the lonely aerodrome —lonely because Croydon has long been supplanted by the big bustling Northolt. When she stepped out to greet her son, the new Viscount, there was a glimpse of a pale face set in a mask of grief. On such an occasion it would be an impertinence to comment on the beauty of that mask. But neither time nor tragedy seems able to mar its perfection.

London, and England, will be very much the poorer for the loss of Duff Cooper, first Viscount Norwich. He was a figure of the eighteenth century whose eyes scanned the furthest horizons of the twentieth. When I got home, I turned up a letter which he had written to me, before the war, on the meaning of Toryism. I have no hesitation in quoting it, because it seems to me of historical importance. The letter was a development on a theme of Bagehot, who said that "Toryism means enjoyment".

"If you agree that Toryism means enjoyment," wrote Duff Cooper, "the great political parties of England fall back, quite naturally, into two main divisions. You get the spirit of the Ironsides — a very valuable spirit in some ways, but one which was never gay, even in the height of triumph. On the other side you get the spirit of the Cavaliers, gay even in defeat. I think, of all the silly *clichés* which have ever been coined for a political party, that of the 'stern, unbending Tories' is the silliest. The Tory is not stern. Nor is he 'unbending', which sounds as if he were too old to bend. He's absurdly young, simply because he can't help himself. He's got it in his blood. That's why the Tory party goes on. It doesn't owe its success to any particular measure. It doesn't even make any pretence to be logical —thank God. It's simply a spirit."

"Simply a spirit" . . . maybe. But it was a spirit strong and virile enough to cause him to throw his entire political career to the winds in the days of Munich, when he resigned from his position as First Lord of the Admiralty. "Now, at least," he proclaimed, after his speech of resignation, "I can hold my head erect."

ARE THESE ancient islands of ours too much in the grip of the elderly? That is a question to which 1954 may perhaps provide an answer. Needless to say, one would not include Sir Winston Churchill in this category; he is the sprightliest octogenarian of all time; even today his pockets are stuffed with wild oats, ripe for the sowing. Nor a man like Viscount Samuel, who is still the most adroit debater in the Lords.

But what about the world of entertainment? Look at current productions. The biggest event in the way of light music, this season, will be provided once again by Noel Coward, a lissom 54. He has done something which nobody but Noel would dare to do . . . laid hands on Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan,* set it to music, written lyrics for it, and given it a new title . . . *After the Ball.* It is being directed by Robert Helpmann, sung by Mary Ellis, and designed by Doris Zinkeisen . . . and I should certainly not be insulting that charming trio by suggesting that their combined ages were more than a century and a half.

Then look at the serious plays. Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass* is about to go into rehearsal, and Charles is getting on for 60. A comparative baby among dramatists is Terence Rattigan, who wrote the new play for the Oliviers, but even he is 43. And the two greatest draws, as actresses, on the British stage, are Gladys Cooper and Edith Evans. *Who's Who* tells us that Gladys is 63, and that Edith's first appearance at Covent Garden was over 40 years ago. They are brilliant and adorable. But nobody could call them young.

There seems to be something indestructible about the generation which first sprang into prominence in the twenties — something which no subsequent generation has quite equalled. Take the case of Cecil Beaton, known all over the world as the most glamorous photographer in Europe. At the age of 50, with snow-white hair and the beginnings of a paunch, what does Cecil suddenly decide to do? He sets aside a mass of profitable contracts and enrols as an art student at the famous Slade School, where he stands patiently among a lot of teenagers, learning the essentials of drawing and design. In the intervals he goes out and eats a sandwich lunch on a bench in the Park. It is not a stunt; he is grimly serious about it, and he is right to be serious, for Cecil's talents are as near to genius as make no matter. One day, an early Beaton—painted in the fifties — may prove a very profitable investment.

But where are the youngsters, the new names? Search me. Even television does not seem to provide them. By far the greatest personality that television produced last year was Gilbert Harding, who is in the mid-forties. A close runner-up was Bransby Williams, with a series of incredibly vigorous old-fashioned monologues. And he is rising 81!

Well, I'm getting on myself. Even so, there are times when I feel that my minors want waking up. Here's one little example. All over London, even in this year of grace 1954, ten years after the end of the war, you will find grim mementoes of the Blitz, in the shape of slogans which no authority has ever bothered to wash off. Even in the fashionable purlieus of Harley Street you can read "Shelters in Vaults below the Pavements". There are still streets with arrows pointing "This Way to the Trenches". There are even signs leading to "Decontamination Centres".

It makes me hot under the collar. But my protests fall on deaf ears. Couldn't *you* do something about it? Canadians, as a nation and as individuals, have been incredibly generous to London. Couldn't you suggest that when you come back to the old city, you don't want to be greeted by the ghostly echo of sirens? Do you agree? And if so, would you please let me know?

The Backward Glance

56 Years Ago This Week

IN 1896 free gold was found along the gravel banks of a small stream called Klondike Creek in Canada's Yukon Territory. News of the discovery gradually seeped out to civilization, and started one of the maddest gold-rushes in history. In June, 1897 the electrifying news that gold nuggets the size of walnuts "were being picked up for the asking along the creek beds" reached the United States, and thousands of men, and some women, began the trek toward this Eldorado. By the winter of 1898 the rush was on in earnest, and thousands of prospectors, adventurers (including Robert W. Service), gamblers (including Tex Rickard), get-rich-quick-Wallingfords and ne'er-do-wells, were panning gold along Bonanza Creek, dragging themselves along the trails from Skagway and Edmonton, or were being caught in the winter ice along the upper Yukon River.

Many of them died of the cold in Chilkoot Pass, and literally thousands more were on the verge of starvation, some of them at the diggings going hungry while they carried a King's ransom in their pokes. The population of the area around Dawson City was to reach 30,000, and a couple of years later, at the height of the rush, gold worth $22 million was to be taken from the creek beds in a single year.

In 1898, when the population had reached 18,000, supplies of food had to be commandeered and rationed, staving off mass starvation among a group that was probably the richest per capita in North America. SATURDAY NIGHT wanted Toronto to get into the act, and in the issue of February 12, 1898 the "Front Page" said: "It has apparently dawned on some Toronto people that this city can do a part of the business of outfitting parties for the Yukon Gold fields."

In the middle of the first page was a photograph of the *S. S. Quadra* leaving Vancouver for Skagway, and grouped around the photograph were three drawings showing a pack-mule train leaving Vancouver, a dog-train, a dog with a pack on its back, and an Indian woman carrying a barrel on her back by means of a tote board and tump-line.

The West Coast correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT had the following to say about the subject of Yukon Gold: "There is small use in attempting to get up a conversation on anything except the Klondike nowadays. No matter what you start on, the subject invariably shifts about to the one absorbing topic. On the streets, in the household, the hotel corridors, and even in the churches, the magic word obtrudes itself. The Yukon microbe is growing in virulence and numbers, is finding fresh fields and ready victims for the reception of its insidious presence every day. The scenes on the streets and the wharves are both novel and entertaining. Thin-blooded, olive complexioned men from the sunny clime of Alta, California; yellow-visaged tobacco-chewing adventurers from Chicago and St. Paul; ruddy-cheeked, loose-jointed natives of Nova Scotia, and all the manifold characters representative of every state in the Union and each province of fair Canada, swagger about the thoroughfares and congregate in places of amusement. Some are content to wait . . . but a great many are too badly bitten by the epidemic to linger by the way. . ."

There was no lingering as far as Bovril Ltd. was concerned. They advertised "Klondike Food Supplies. Our object is to supply the maximum amount of nourishment in the minimum of bulk. Our list comprises: dried vegetables, Bovril in tins, Johnston's fluid beef in tins, Bovril beef tablets, ration cartridges, soup nodules, lime juice nodules, and compressed beef." Any of the sourdoughs living on the Bovril diet must have had the strength of an ox, the bravery of a bull, and been mooing like a cow by the time they reached Bonanza Creek.

Another bright ad man of the day placed the words GOLD DUST in heavy black type in the middle of his ad, and went on to say: "The quantity of gold dust stored in Reindeer Milk tins this season will be enormous. But it will not equal in richness the original contents, for Reindeer Brand assays 1000 fine every time."

The Canadian Pacific Railway advertised its "all Canadian fast line to the Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields. Only through service. Tourist car to the Pacific Coast without change, leaves Toronto every Friday at 1.20 p.m." But for those who were liable to get trainsick, they offered a wonderful alternative route: "Special trip around Cape Horn—$300.00."

How gold-crazy could you get in 1898?

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AND ITS
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IS THE ONLY
ALL CANADIAN FAST LINE
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LOWEST RATES FASTEST TIME
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Advertisement in SATURDAY NIGHT, *1898.*

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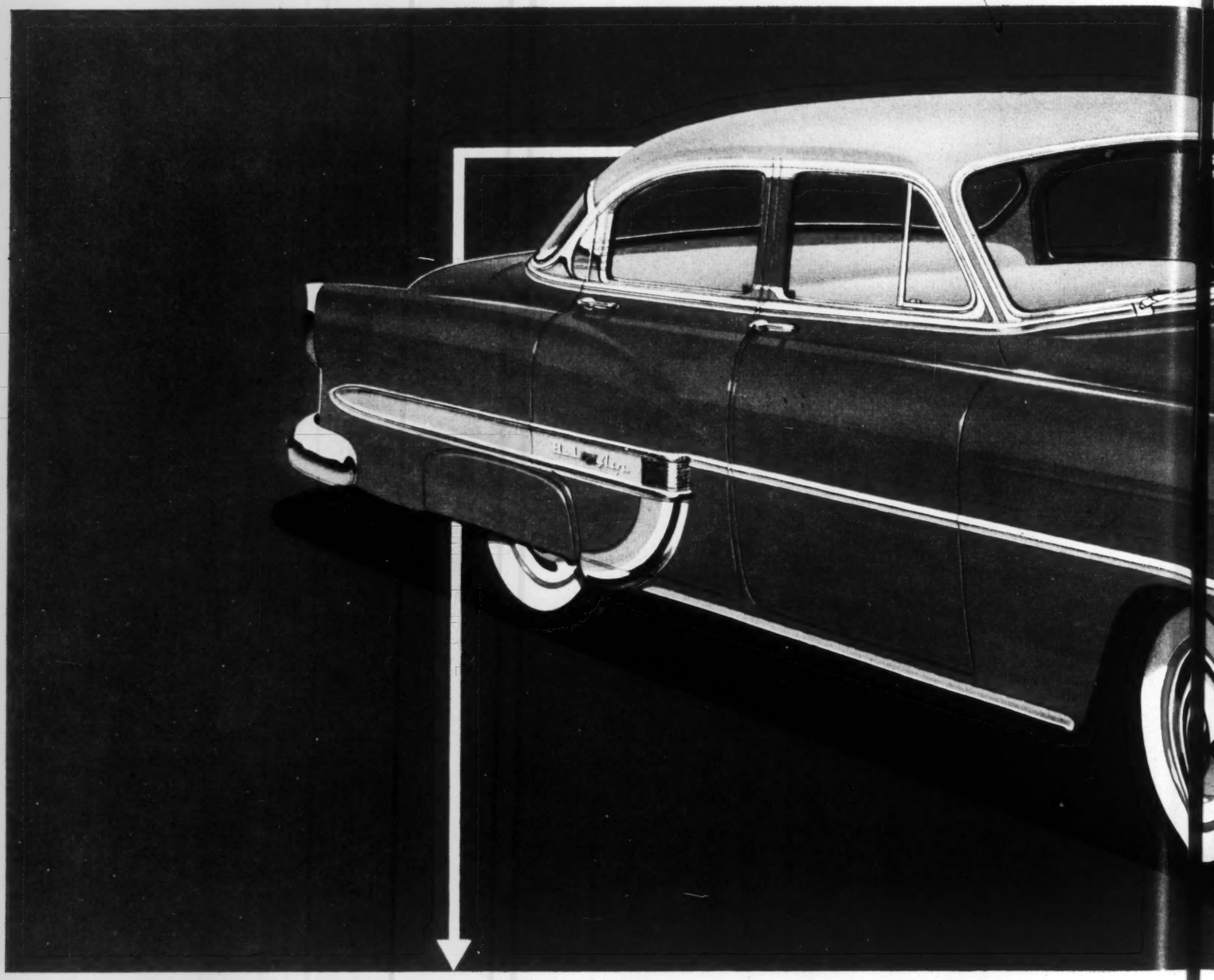

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Books

Advice to the Players

SINCE CANADA IS now well advanced in that annual travail, the Dominion Drama Festival, I offer no excuse for following last week's article on a collection of Victorian plays with another article in which I shall discuss an accumulation of books about the theatre which has been forming on my desk, and weighing on my conscience, for many weeks. They are books of several kinds, and of greatly differing worth, about various phases of theatrical art.

Can anybody learn anything about acting from a book? One might as well ask if anyone can learn anything about painting from a book. The answer must be a carefully guarded affirmative, for I seriously doubt if anybody can learn anything about acting, or painting, or playing the violin, from a book if he has not already acquired most of the knowledge himself, and is prepared to have somebody clarify it in words for him. The interpretative arts cannot be fully explained in words; they must be demonstrated in action; and the artist must laboriously quarry the knowledge out of himself. Yet there are many good books about acting, and they are endlessly fascinating to read, for we love to hear the artist explain himself. Michael Redgrave, who is one of our finest living actors, has written a first-rate book on his art which he calls *The Actor's Ways and Means*.

It is not a book for those whom Henry Irving called "children in art"; that is to say, amateurs in their teens should not expect to learn their job from it. But it is a book which any lover of the theatre—playgoers as well as performers—will read with pleasure and a strong and exciting sense of revelation as Mr. Redgrave hits nail after nail smartly on the head. He is eclectic in his opinions, as a man of his experience well may be; he praises Stanislavski (whom he has read and thoroughly understood, which differentiates him from many of his profession) but he is not out-and-out for The Method unless it is linked to a thoroughgoing external technique and that quality of *diable au corps* without which the theatre is no more than a debating society in fancy dress; in this respect, it must be said, he is shoulder to shoulder with Stanislavski himself, whose famous Method, like the depth-psychology of Sigmund Freud, has been grossly abused by his followers. But Mr. Redgrave draws on other ideals of theatre, and other methods of work, and he tells us nothing which he has not tested in his own experience.

This is a very honest book, and one over which actors in all stages of development may pore with advantage. It is pleasantly written (it was, first of all, a series of lectures delivered at the University of Bristol) though Mr. Redgrave quotes rather too much. This is a fault of the modest writer, and thus far it becomes him; but we would have been happy to take much of what he says without any authority beyond his own. Let us hope that when he writes again he will feel free to speak entirely for himself.

I approached *Shakespearian Players and Performances* with some prejudice, for I could not imagine what Mr. Arthur Colby Sprague could have to say about the great players of the past which William Winter, in *Shakespeare on the Stage* had not said already. But my doubts were quickly dispelled, for not only has Mr. Sprague new things to tell us, but he

J. Arthur Rank

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

appears to have a truer critical sense than Winter, and is a far more engaging writer. I read his book from back to front with growing admiration, and I recommend it wholeheartedly.

Why from back to front? Because Mr. Sprague ends his book with a discussion of Shakespearean actors he has himself seen, and as my own experience very nearly matches his, I was able to test his feelings about modern players against my own. So, having found that he recalled past pleasures very movingly to my imagination, and illuminated many things which I had missed in performances I had seen, I was ready to trust his judgments on Edwin Booth, on Irving, on Macready, Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Garrick and Betterton. In particular I was grateful for his fine tribute to William Poel, the father of modern Shakespearean production, and a man whose greatness has been strangely neglected. This is a book which I shall refer to very often, and keep on the shelf beside Mr. Sprague's other excellent and amusing book on the "traditional business" in Shakespeare's plays, called *Shakespeare and the Actors*.

Often I am asked to recommend a book for drama groups to give to directors to whom they are grateful, and in future I shall say, "Get him *Directing The Play*, by Toby Cole and Helen Krich Chinoy". This is not a manual for beginners, but an anthology of what several great men of the theatre have said about the director's job. It is packed with illumination, and is splendidly free from arty hokum. It begins with a long and good essay on the emergence of the director, by Miss Chinoy, and this is followed by essays by great directors as various as David Belasco and Tyrone Guthrie, Max Reinhardt and Jean-Louis Barrault. Some of the most unexpected of these are among the best: Shaw's great essay on the art of rehearsal is fit to rank with Hamlet's Advice to the Players; we can still learn a lot about managing crowds from George II, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; the essay by Belasco is full of meat, though Belasco's style of direction is now out of fashion. The last section of the book is devoted to actual plans of direction for parts of specific plays, by Stanislavski, Reinhardt, Meyerhold and others of authority.

This book contains infinite riches for the understanding reader, and it cannot be swallowed at a gulp. It is a library in itself and no serious lover of the theatre should be without it.

Bertram Joseph is an interesting and provocative modern critic of Shakespeare, and his book on *Elizabethan Acting* (Oxford, 1951) threw some light in dark places. His latest work, *Conscience and The King*, is a study of *Hamlet* in which the great play is discussed in terms of the Renaissance concepts of honor and religion; what such words as "melancholy" and "adultery" meant to Elizabethans is explained at length. This is good, though we may question whether it is quite so revolutionary as Mr. Joseph believes; our thinking is not *quite* so wide of the Renaissance mark as he seems to imagine. But his book will be appreciated by scholars, who like to haver over *Hamlet* as the Rabbins of Orthodox Jewry do over the *Talmud*. Joseph has written a book! At him, Ph.D.s! Tear him, D. Litt.s! Sic 'im boys! Sic 'im!

Let the ravening scholars be put on the chain, however, before we consider *Shakespeare, His World and His Work*, by M. M. Reese. This is not a volume of controversial scholarship, but another introduction to Shakespeare, intended for the general reader or the beginning student, very well done and in every sense respectable. There are already many such books, but there is always a place for another, and this one is controlled at all times by good taste and good sense. It is the kind of book which, for instance, the serious visitor to next year's festival at Stratford may choose to read in order to widen his knowledge and increase his appreciation.

Mr. John Allen, whom many people will remember as the adjudicator in last year's Regional Drama Festivals, has edited a little book containing *The Coventry Nativity Play, Everyman*, and *Master Pierre Pathelin*. To the first two he has brought nothing which was not already available in the familiar Everyman's Library text. The last he has translated from the French in a manner which, to use a favorite

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phrase of all adjudicators, is adequate without being in any way inspired.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE ACTOR'S WAYS AND MEANS — by Michael Redgrave — pp. 86, with photographs — *British Books* — $2.50.

SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYERS AND PERFORMANCES — by Arthur Colby Sprague — pp. 176, with photographs and pp. 31 of notes —*Saunders*—$6.00.

DIRECTING THE PLAY—edited by Cole and Chinoy—pp. 320 with photographs and a bibliography — *McClelland & Stewart* — $4.50.

CONSCIENCE AND THE KING—by Bertram Joseph—pp. 168—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.65.

SHAKESPEARE, HIS WORLD AND HIS WORK —by M. M. Reese—pp. 565—*Longmans, Green*—$7.50.

THREE MEDIEVAL PLAYS — edited by John Allen—pp. 137—*British Books*—$1.00.

In Brief

MANIFEST DESTINY, A Study in five profiles of the rise and influence of the Mountbatten family — by Brian Connell — pp. 226 with many photographs and an index—*British Books*—$3.50.

The Mountbatten destiny which began on the one side with an aristocratic German Prince of Battenberg, son of a Hessian princely adventurer and his morganatic wife, and on the other side with a German-Jewish multi-millionaire, son of a Cologne money-lender, has been made manifest in Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, according to the author's superb chronicle of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Ernest Cassel, the Countess Mountbatten, her husband Lord Louis, and their nephew the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Mountbatten destiny (the name was translated by royal pronouncement in 1917 from the German Battenberg) was possible because their men of uncommon ability have been called by birth and circumstances to render outstanding public service, but it might not have been realized without great wealth to support a princely family of dwindling means. The money came to the family with the Countess Mountbatten, principal heiress of her grandfather Sir Ernest Cassel who arrived in Liverpool in 1868 at the age of 16 with a bag of clothes, a strong will, a flair for making money, and Jewish business connections. He became one of the richest men of his time and a close friend of Edward VII.

The story is told without unction and with a reasonable adulation for royalty, rank and personal achievement. The author is an English journalist with a penchant for European royal genealogy. The book has the attitude of scholarship, the enthusiasm of admiration, the scintillation of subjects, and the narrative skill of a good biographer. A wonderful story of a great name, great people and great events, and of tragedy and triumph.

THE UNDEFENDED BORDER, The Myth and the Reality—by Colonel C. P. Stacey—pp. 19—*Canadian Historical Association, c/o Public Archives, Ottawa—25 cents.*

Here is a pamphlet which could start its own war. The Rush-Bagot treaty (1817) was not a treaty; it did not prohibit border forts; there were dangerous controversies, hatred and mistrust until the Treaty of Washington (1871); and one of the American battleships for the Great Lakes (which would have been the largest in the world, if it had been completed) stayed on the list of the U.S. navy until 1882. More and more elaborate forts were built along the border during the half-century after the War of 1812 than in any other period of North American history . . . All this and more in a pamphlet of unquestionable authority; Colonel Stacey is director of the Historical Section, Department of National Defence.

CANADA IN THE MAKING—by George W. Brown—pp. 151—*Dent*—$2.75.

Although the most recent of these essays is nearly ten years old, Professor Brown of Toronto is too wise an observer of Canadian trends and characteristics to be caught napping this time. The title is that of the first essay—an exhilarating piece. The next four are Upper Canadian, on early church movements and the Durham report. The three final essays are on fundamentals of Canadian external policy, in which Professor Brown finds a continuous thread.

The title essay is an outstanding disquisition on the forces which have made Canadians Canadian, and some

and NOW

If you could visit a tavern of long ago, you'd find that in those days your refreshment would be served only at room temperature . . . the tavern would be dimly lit by flickering lamps . . . the only heat would come from a draughty fireplace . . . and you'd be drinking out of old-fashioned tankards.

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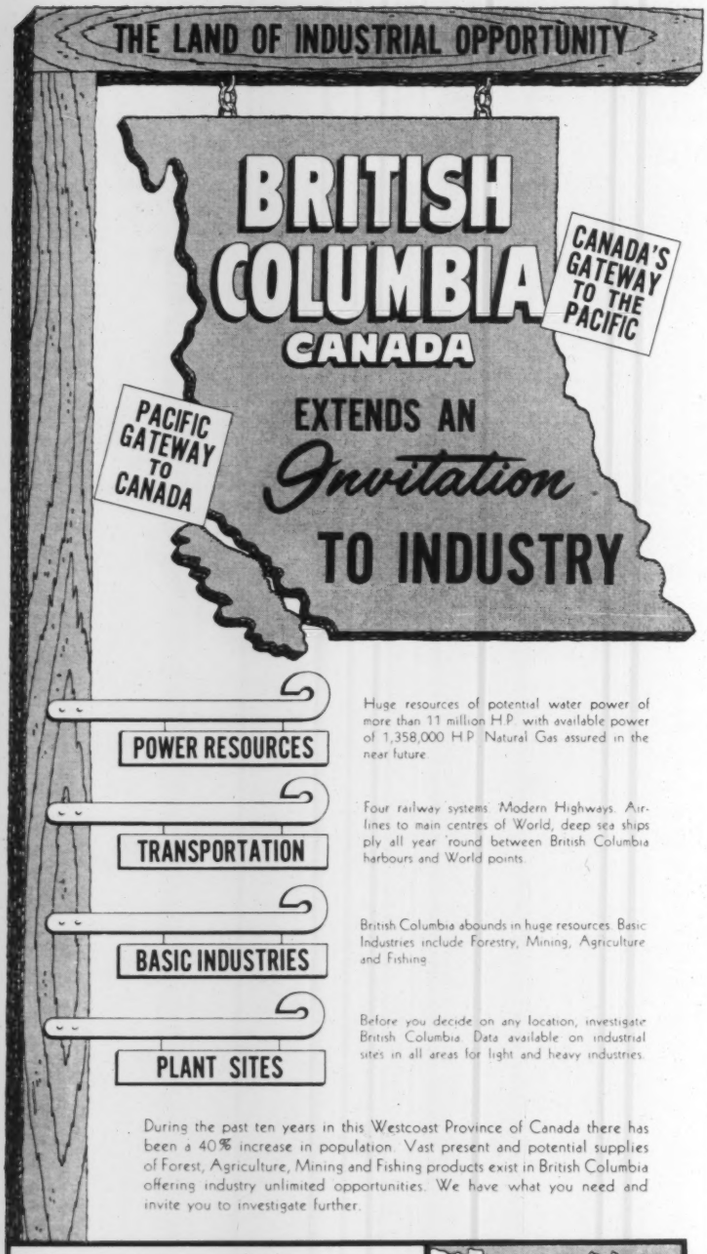
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of its pithy, deft sentences should become Canadian "familiar quotations". "It is not by chance that at many points and in many ways Canada has been a bridgehead across the Atlantic from the days of Cunard to the days of the ferry command." (Professor Brown insists that Canada is not an interpreter between the U.S. and Britain; she has been intent on making a place between them.) "It is true that the union of French and English-speaking Canada is a marriage of convenience and always has been, but if it has lacked the glow of romantic attachment, it is none the less valid."

Professor Brown is a positive Canadian. "To ask us now to believe that Canadian history has no distinctive quality or meaning, that it has no definable lines of direction, that it begins nowhere and ends nowhere except as the tag end of someone else's story is to ask us to deny the plain evidence before our eyes."

CANADA AND THE FAR EAST, 1940-1953—by H. F. Angus — pp. 129 — *University of Toronto Press under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Institute of Pacific Relations—$3.00.*

This book should not be buried from general readers between drab covers and under a dull title. Its information and style would make it a best-seller, given an adequate display. The theme is important. Professor Angus (University of British Columbia) does not consider his compatriots nincompoops and he has a great deal to say of real value and mental stimulus to readers unsequestered in academic groves. Perhaps it is in keeping with the national consciousness to usher some of our best books into the world in a shroud.

The expository survey of Canada's Far Eastern relations is put in a context of Canadian culture and interest, and with a wit at times sly. In the astute and tangy first chapter on Canadian nationalism there is this pretty paragraph: "National consciousness involves a sense of separate personality and, therefore, requires a rival, or, what is better, an enemy. Canada is fortunate in having both in a relatively harmless form. The rival is the United States and the type of rivalry is peculiar. One is reminded of the romantic stories in which the poor boy, in spite of all his handicaps, comes out victorious or more simply, of the fable of the hare and the tortoise. No one expects the tortoise to win but it may be permitted its day-dreams when the hare is asleep."

THE AMERICAN ANARCHY—by Lionel Gelber —pp. 212, indexed—*Nelson—$4.25.*

Democracy, specifically the American democracy, is "an organized anarchy of man against man", created by the machine, acquiesced in by "devalued" man. That is the author's view, one says hesitatingly, somewhat bewildered by the brilliance of Mr. Gelber's generalizations, the swiftness of his logic and the facility of his paradoxes and antitheses. Yet history "will prevent us from hoping too much or despairing too soon"—cf. the mess totalitarianism has writhed in. "The nineteenth century thought it knew where it was going and did not. The twentieth century knows that it does not and wishes that it did. The more intricately society is organized the more complex is the reconciliation of liberty and security: the equipoise these two achieve internationally will determine the future of the human race."

The mind of Mr. Gelber, a Canadian in New York, is at ease with big themes; this one, on democracy in an era of bigness, is his fourth important book on political philosophy for our times. His style is sometimes murky, as when he writes about "organizational ambivalence". Mr. Gelber is astonishing, and he may be one of the great political thinkers of our era. This reviewer cannot say it.

T. J. A.

•

Chess Problem

IN 1909 ALAIN WHITE edited a little volume of a hundred problems under the title *Knights and Bishops*, in which, in all positions, Queens and Rooks were conspicuous by their absence. The problems are all two-move or three-move direct mates. The book is based largely on a collection of 2,500 such positions made by H. Staeker of Bournemouth, England, in the course of a few weeks.

In problems with these Knights and Bishops, flight squares are mostly diagonal ones, as attack by both these pieces is essentially diagonal. In the following by Dr. E. Palkoska we have both types, with the white Knights *en prise* on those squares:

White: K on KB3; Bs on KB5 and KB8; Kts on Q5 and KKt4; Ps on QKt4 and KR4. Black: K on Q5; Kt on QKt3; Ps on QB5, QB6, QB7, Q3 and K3. Mate in three.

1.Kt-K5, KxQKt; 2.B-K4ch, etc. 1.Kt-K5, KxKKt; 2.B-Kt7ch, etc. 1.Kt-K5, PxKKt; 2.B-B5ch, etc. 1.Kt-K5, PxB; 2.Kt-B4, etc. 1.Kt-K5, threat; 2.Kt-B6ch, etc.

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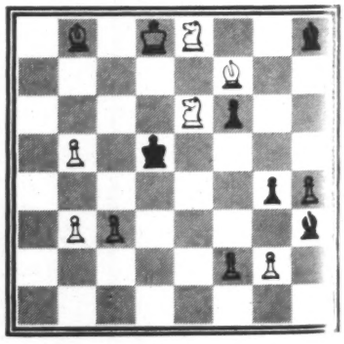
Problem No. 52, by G. Heathcote

Black—Five Pieces



White—Eleven Pieces
White mates in three.

Solution of Problem No. 51

1.R-K3, P-B4; 2.Q-Kt5, BxR; 3.[illegible] Q5 mate. 1.R-K3, RxR; 2.Q-Kt6c[illegible] K-K4; 3.B-Q6 mate, 1.R-K3, QBx[illegible]; 2.B-Q5ch, KxB; 3.Q-K4 mate. Wi[illegible] picturesque chameleon echo mates.

"CENTAUR"

Sports

La Ligue Internationale

By Jim Coleman

THE GAME OF BASEBALL is witnessing its first innovation since Floyd Caves "Babe" Herman attempted to steal second with the bases loaded. The International Baseball League is becoming trilingual with the admittance of a team from Havana, Cuba, and the possibility that Caracas, Venezuela, will have representation in 1955.

This is the best thing that has happened to the International League since Boss Hague first was elected Mayor of Jersey City. Boss Hague was a very rough old pirate whose political buccaneering was deplored widely. However, The Boss always could assure the International League of a paid "attendance" of 55,000 for the Jersey City team's opening game each season. This was rather extraordinary in view of the fact that the Jersey City Stadium seated only 20,000 spectators. Boss Hague, casting an eye at the civic payrolls, simply suggested that every true-blue red-blooded American boy whose name was on the payroll should feel duty-bound to purchase a ticket for the opening baseball game each season. Strangely enough, even those citizens who weren't interested in sports invariably displayed consuming curiosity on opening day.

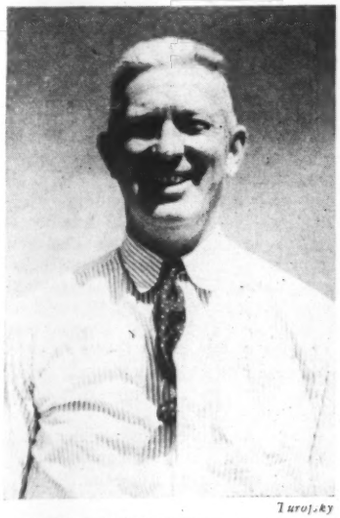
Mayor Hague, a professional anti-Communist, divorced himself from baseball when, belatedly, one of his advisers informed him that a Major League team in Cincinnati was known as "The Reds". Deprived of his support, the Jersey City club folded.

If the United Nations Security Council gives final approval, the League of the future may have: two teams from Central America; one team (Richmond) from the Confederate state of Virginia; three teams from the true-blue red-blooded American state of New York and two teams from—ahem—Upper Canada.

There are whispers that, ultimately, Mexico City may replace one of the Canadian clubs. Since the Toronto and Montreal franchises are in robust financial state, it is safe to assume that the team which is faced by elimination is jolly old Ottawa. Mr. Thomas P. Gorman, who operates the Ottawa club with the benevolent co-operation of the Philadelphia Athletics, gives a well-publicized display of apoplexy when his withdrawal from the league is suggested. "They can't do this to us," he screams. "Ottawa will be kept in the league as long as I have so much as a single pfennig in the Sparks Street branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce." (Mr. Gorman cannily fails to mention that he keeps only his stamp and beer money in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, whereas his main bundle is protected by three shifts of guards in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal.)

His public protests to the contrary, Mr. Gorman has been seen studying illustrated folders issued by the Mexico City Chamber of Commerce and there have been disquieting reports that he has been taking samba and tango lessons.

The internationally-minded International Baseball League is singularly fortunate in that its president is Frank Shaughnessy. President Shaughnessy brings unusual talents to his job since he is an American who spent a large portion of his life in Canada and, additionally, he is something of a linguist. During his years in Montreal, he acquired sufficient French to subdue even the most moody and recalcitrant cab-driver and, when he



Turofsky

FRANK SHAUGHNESSY, President of the International Baseball League.

was coaching McGill University football teams, he was accustomed to lapse into another strange and violent patois which, apparently, he had learned from a sergeant-major in the army.

President Shaughnessy already has made plans for the global expansion of his baseball group. "This new set-up has removed some expensive problems from my mind," he says, thumbing an English-Spanish dictionary. "In the past, we expended vast sums of money, scouting umpires in other leagues throughout the United States. Now, we're going to get all our umpires from the Berlitz School of Languages in New York City. It won't cost us much more than the price of a subway ride."

President Shaughnessy may find it more difficult than he imagines to obtain the services of umpires. The mercurial sports enthusiasts of Latin American countries are notoriously uncertain of temper and there have been recorded instances of an enraged customer pulling out his roscoe and taking a few pot-shots at the arbiter after a debatable decision at the home plate. So far, only Lloyd's of London has been game enough to quote insurance rates for sports referees who intend to follow their profession in the equatorial zone.

One club-owner who has been quick to prepare for the future is Jack Cooke, of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Thumbing through a copy of "Who's Who In Baseball," Cooke discovered that Luke Sewell is a college graduate. After making some further enquiries, Cooke signed Sewell to manage the Maple Leafs. "I found that Sewell had majored in foreign languages," explained Cooke. "We'll have a head-start on the other Northern teams because our manager can steal signs in Spanish."

To add strength to their board of strategy, the Leafs signed Bruno Betzel as coach. Betzel formerly managed Montreal Royals and, living in the metropolis of French Canada, learned to translate such trenchant phrases as "Defence de cracher" and "Ne stationnez pas."

"What a one-two punch we have on the bench," gloated Cooke. "Some critics may suggest that we need a couple of .300 hitters, but I'll take a manager who can order enchiladas without making a fool of himself."

Meanwhile, these activities are being watched with interest by the members of the Baseball Writers' Association. These under-privileged members of The Fourth Estate are indignant over the prospect of being forced to take long airplane trips to Havana and Caracas, with all expenses paid.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I go broke in this new league," complained one Canadian baseball writer who insisted upon remaining anonymous. "I'm going to have to hire an accountant to figure out the foreign exchange. In the last three years, by converting my Canadian expense account into American funds, I've made enough to buy a new Cadillac. How can we be sure that the peso is going to remain stable? I don't trust these foreign governments. I'm going to ask for a transfer to the cricket beat."

In an effort to halt this panic among the scribes, the publicity department of the International League already is hard at work. The first bulletin from headquarters is at hand and includes the following tid-bits of soothing information:

"The trip from Sloppy Joe's Bar to the Havana baseball park can be made by cab in five minutes."

"Venezuelan Air Lines provides free drinks for first-class passengers on its regular flights to Caracas from New York and Miami."

"By an International League ruling, no wives will be permitted to accompany baseball writers on trips to Havana and Caracas."

And to think that some of those same baseball writers used to complain when they were forced to travel 200 miles by bus!

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Agreements for Sale	30,159.14
Head Office Premises	20,000.00
Loans on Policies	1,074,589.78
Bonds and Debentures (Book Value)	5,803,192.60
Stocks (Book Value)	83,353.69
Cash on Hand and in Banks	220,380.22
Interest Accrued	107,111.09
Premiums Due and Deferred (Net)	466,479.38
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Provision for Unpaid and Unreported Claims	201,526.00
Amounts Left With the Company at Interest	1,209,057.00
Taxes, Expenses and Accounts Due and Accrued	117,005.00
Other Liabilities	480,292.36
Staff Pension Fund	358,839.94
Dividends Allotted to Policyholders	176,521.00
Asset Fluctuation Reserve	99,089.65
Investment and Contingency Reserves	1,000,000.00
CAPITAL PAID IN	327,155.00
SURPLUS	1,461,818.79
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$27,465,513.74

New Business increased 37% to $16,311,702 . . . Insurance in Force gained $11,444,090 to $103,427,038 . . . Assets higher by $2,191,179 . . . Policy Reserves increased by $1,863,339 . . . Gross Rate of Interest Earned 5.09%.

PROTECTION
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INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Lighter Side

Road Show

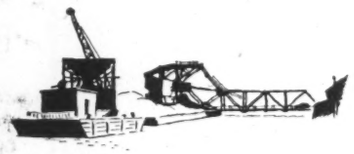
By Mary Lowrey Ross

MY FRIEND Miss A. was badly upset by the recent revelations coming from Fort William. "And the worst part is having it happen in the Conservative Party," she said. "It's going to be terribly embarrassing for the Government. Just milk please, if you haven't lemon."

"It must be even more embarrassing for the road engineers," I said. "Imagine how you'd feel if somebody came along and asked you what you did with a $125,000 bridge!"

"I can hardly imagine being asked such a question," Miss A. said.

"Goodness, I can," I said. "I'm always losing things, though naturally it would be a little more awkward with a $125,000 bridge. You can't just say you were rather nervous and tired that day and must just have put it down some place."



"It isn't the sort of thing to try and be funny about," Miss A. said.

"Well, there isn't much use worrying," I said. "There will be quite a fuss at first, and probably a number of unfrocked engineers in the Fort William area, maybe even an unfrocked government. Then it will all be straightened out and we'll forget all about it."

Miss A. sighed. "I simply can't imagine people doing things like that—losing bridges and changing graphs and filling out swamps that didn't exist."

"Oh, well, the Government probably seemed a long way away," I said.

"Would *you* do it?" Miss A. asked sharply.

I said it was a litt'e like the old question about whether you would be willing, under certain circumstances, to murder an unknown Chinaman on the other side of the world. "I suppose some people feel the same way to some extent about the Government. Or else they think of it as Santa Claus. Santa Claus is a long way off too. And since it is his business to hand out presents to everybody, they probably wouldn't feel any more embarrassed about asking for a $125,000 bridge than a six-year-old would about asking for a meccano set. Of course, there's always a chance that Santa Claus may check up on your record, but I don't suppose that ever stopped a six-year-old from putting in his bid."

"But he might be a valuable member of society," Miss A. said, "a philosopher or a great poet or a strong anti-communist."

"Who, Santa Claus?" I asked.

"Of course not," Miss A. said, "the Unknown Chinaman."

"Look, I was only trying to explain how people feel about the Government," I said. "Now these engineers and contractors probably figured that the government was simply the taxpayer. They were up there, possibly in the blackfly season, working all day and nothing to do in the evenings except to go to a three-year-old movie in Marathon or Terrace Bay. And after a while they'd get to thinking about the time the highway was finished and the taxpayer would come rolling along on his vacation in an air-conditioned car. So they'd naturally feel it wouldn't hurt him to chip in for an imaginary bridge at $125,000 or a couple of nonexistent $100,000 gullies."

"Of course, it's conceivable that it all started in a small way," I went on. "Somebody ordered an extra culvert, and when it came through without any question, he thought: why not put in an order for a couple of cement abutments. After that, of course, he'd need a bridge to go with the abutments and when that order came through, naturally he'd have to shift the landscape about quite a bit to accommodate the bridge."

"I only wish it hadn't happened under our own Conservative Government," Miss A. said dolefully.

I considered. "Of course, it might turn out under investigation that there wasn't any scandal about it at all," I said. "Maybe there was nothing but the purest motive in the mind of some engineer. He might have been an artist as well as an engineer, who just wanted to do something different. He probably looked over the territory and said any dumb engineer could run a road through that. Hell, let's get away from that corny representational stuff and do something in a big creative way."

"You don't need to use bad language," Miss A. said.

"I'm just trying to think the way this engineer-artist would think," I said. "He'd probably say, 'We've got to get pattern and rhythm into this thing. Sink a gully on this side and balance it on that with a hill. Put in a couple of gravel pits, enlarge the swamps and run up some rock barriers to balance the general design'."

"I wonder," Miss A. said.

"Look, you never heard of a Canadian artist who left the Lake Superior landscape the way he found it," I pointed out. "The Government should think itself lucky to get a road through at all. Imagine running a transcontinental highway through an early Lawren Harris."

"You may be right," Miss A. said, getting up. "It would certainly account for the things that have been happening. Because everybody knows that no Canadian artist is ever appreciated by the Canadian people."

Business

The Burden of Taxes And a Few Remedies

By GWYNETH McGREGOR

CANADIANS ARE HEARING more and more about a research organization called the Canadian Tax Foundation, which for some eight years has been helping to mould the form of taxation in this country, by study, by the encouragement of study and by providing a medium for the exchange of information and views between taxpayers, tax practitioners and governments. From its headquarters at 191 College Street, Toronto, the Foundation issues in printed form a considerable amount of material on taxation, including its official organ the *Canadian Tax Journal*.

Not the least unusual feature about the Foundation is that it was founded, and continues to be sponsored, by lawyers and accountants acting together through their respective associations.

The high spot of the Foundation's year occurs each November, when its annual Conference provides a meeting ground for its members and others interested in taxation, including not only lawyers and accountants but also businessmen, tax officials and university professors. The Conference is a melting pot for criticisms and ideas. Members hear speeches from prominent lawyers and accountants and from representatives of government and industry, and there are also several "round-table" discussions by groups of members where grievances are aired, opinions exchanged and suggestions made for improving tax legislation. A good many of these suggestions eventually find their way into "recommendations to government" made by the Joint Taxation Committee of the Canadian Bar Association and the Canadian Institute of Chartered Accountants, and so it happens that these quiet and unostentatious deliberations have a very definite influence on taxation.

Before the meeting, the Foundation staff compiles, publishes and circulates to its members Data Papers on the Conference subjects, giving background information resulting from its research and outlining the problems to be discussed. The most recent Conference was occupied with three main subjects: the conflict between "business income" and "taxable income" — that is, between what the businessman and his accountant consider to constitute income and what the government considers it to be; the question of the Canadian appeal procedure — the whole system through which taxpayers may appeal to judicial bodies against their assessments; and the question of indirect taxation as embodied by the Sales Tax.

The problem of business income versus taxable income is a wide one, and divides into a number of parts. The general issue, of course, is the question of what constitutes "profit", which is the basis of income tax for business. The differences of approach, which are a fruitful source of argument between taxpayer and tax collector, arise mainly from disagreements over the taxability of certain business receipts and the deductibility of particular business expenses; from conflicting ideas regarding the time at which certain receipts should be included or deductions taken; and from the disturbance caused in the business community by the use of the tax system for economic purposes. The businessman often feels that his profit is the cash he has left, while the accountant calculates it according to general accounting principles which are not always the same as the rules by which the taxing laws require that it shall be computed.

The position on the income side, particularly in the matter of what constitutes capital gains, is by no means free of doubt, and there was some discussion of the effect of some recent Court decisions, such as the Sutton Lumber case, on the question of whether certain gains made by corporations are capital gains or taxable income. However, in practice most of the differences of opinion arise regarding the deduction of expenditures. Expenditures are of two main classes, capital and current, and the Income Tax Act contains different provisions for their treatment. No expenditures are allowed except in so far as they were incurred by the taxpayer "for the purpose of gaining or producing income", and in addition the Act prohibits any deduction for capital expenditure except what is specifically granted by regulation.

The treatment of capital expenditures involves consideration of whether an asset is a "wasting" or an "enduring" one; of how a wasting asset should be treated — by amortization over its life or by writing off in the year of expenditure; and of determining the timing of the annual charge when amortization is used. A great number of points were debated: whether certain forms of expenditure, such as organizational costs, bond discount, expenses of litigation etc. should be written off; and the departures under the "capital cost allowance" system from accepted methods of depreciation.

The field of argument in the matter of current expenditures is even wider, and the discussions included such problems as the treatment of "reserves" for pre-paid receipts; the method of inventory valuation to be used by a business; the payment of wages by a husband or wife to a spouse; and the deductibility of charitable donations, which is now limited to 5 per cent of corporate income, of contributions to pension funds, which is limited to $900 per employee, and of funds for scientific research, which is limited for research in Canada.

The range and importance of the problems are illustrated by the great mass of jurisprudence emanating from the Courts of both Canada and the United Kingdom, the decisions of the latter on some tax matters being followed as closely by Canadians as the decisions of their own Courts.

Talking of Courts brings us to the second subject of discussion, the question of the appeal procedure in Canada. Since the Tax Appeal Board was formed in 1948, the ordinary man-in-the-street has had at his disposal an inexpensive means of having his claims heard by a judicial body. It costs only $15 to have a case heard by the Board, and this is refunded to the taxpayer if he wins any part of his case. From the Board either the taxpayer or the Crown may appeal to the Exchequer Court and thence to the Supreme Court of Canada.

Many aspects of the whole procedure were considered at the Conference with a view to improving it where it seemed necessary. The Board's four members, who hear cases all over Canada, are kept very busy, and many people feel that there should be more members to hear appeals, in order to expedite both the securing of hearings and the handing down of judgments. All the present members are lawyers, and the feeling appears to be growing that accountants and businessmen should also have a place on the Board, in order that their experience of the practical problems of business and industry might be utilized.

THE BOARD has been called the "Poor Man's Court", and it is sometimes felt its function is partly nullified by the fact that if a small taxpayer wins a case before the Board, an appeal by the Crown may force him to take his case to the higher courts and perhaps involve him in heavy costs. It is felt that many taxpayers are discouraged by this consideration from going to the Board, and various ways were suggested in which the hardship might be removed by legislation. For example, the decisions of the Board might be considered final in cases involving amounts below a certain figure, say $500, unless a case concerned an important point of principle on which the Crown might wish to have the ruling of a higher court. In such circumstances the Crown might be required to pay the costs of an appeal to the Courts. It was also suggested that the deposit of $400 at present required by the Exchequer Court might be abolished, and that that Court might be required to scale its tariff to provide low costs for small cases.

The third Conference subject, the Sales Tax, which intimately affects every consumer in the country, will be dealt with in a future issue by another member of the Foundation staff.

Toronto Globe and Mail

Most recently appointed member of the Canadian Tax Appeal Board is Cecil L. Snyder, QC, former deputy attorney-general of Ontario (above). Chairman of the Board is the Hon. Fabio Monet, QC, of Montreal, and other members are R. W. S. Fordham, QC, and W. S. Fisher, QC, formerly with the Department of National Revenue.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Barons Oil

I WOULD BE *grateful if you would advise me what I should do with 8,000 shares of Barons Oil Ltd. purchased at 31 cents. — S. L., Calgary.*

The stock is presently quoted at an offering price of 8½ cents without a bid. On the basis of total assets of $416,087 shown in the last balance sheet, less the deficit of $176,935, the 3,366,338 shares outstanding are being offered at approximate value.

The basic question, however, is not one of assets but of whether or not the company can earn enough to keep itself alive. This is the test that many of the small oil companies are facing. Without adequate production income they must either merge with others, stagnate or go bankrupt.

Barons, with varied interests in 8 oil wells in Alberta, is apparently finding it difficult to keep going and, as the lack of a bid for the stock indicates, the outlook is not bright. However, in view of the extent of your loss and the limited possibility of salvaging the remainder of your capital at this time, it appears that the only course left is to wait and hope that some event stimulates interest in the company.

Dominion Oilcloth

FOR SOME YEARS *I have held shares in Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Co. Ltd., purchased around the 40 mark. The balance sheet, issued a few days ago, shows what appears to be a fine increase in business and profits during the 12 months ending October 31.*

However, the stock has dropped as low as 27. I would appreciate your opinion as to the general situation, especially as to the prospects for continued payment of dividends. Would you advise holding, selling or further purchase of the stock at present levels? —F. J. L., Montreal.

The key factor to which the change in the price of the stock can be attributed was the conversion of the 80,000 deferred shares into 60,000 common and the creation of an additional 240,000 shares on January 8, 1953, to increase the capitalization of the company to 1 million shares of common from 700,000 shares. This increase in the share capital had the effect of diluting the equity of each common share and the market price was adjusted to the changed situation. While the 240,000 new shares remain in the treasury and actual dilution of the equity per common share has yet to take place, the latent threat of dilution is sufficient to hold the bid prices of buyers down, despite the yield of 8.7 per cent on the 1953 payment of $2.40.

Even so, the balance sheet shows the company to be in excellent condition. There is no funded debt and inventories of $3,355,814 are comfortably below the working capital of $4,194,701. Net profits increased 26.2 per cent to $1,875,631 from the previous year's net of $1,486,248.

From this it appears that the present dividend rate can be maintained, for the company has held to a policy of paying out about 80 per cent of earnings. The president reports that raw material costs have declined considerably, although offset by higher general costs, and that export sales have improved. Thus limited purchases on declines seem warranted for income.

Bruck Mills

I HAVE *a small holding of the Class "A" stock of Bruck Mills Ltd., that I purchased some time ago at 18. Now it is selling at 11 and with the dividend deferred I am very concerned as to whether I should hold on or sell now. Please advise. — Mrs. S. M. C., Montreal.*

The difficulties this company has encountered in the private depression afflicting the Canadian textile industry are all too well illustrated in the annual report just issued. Sales decreased from $15,131,679 to $13,083,854 and an operating loss of $270,594 was incurred after all charges had been met.

The balance sheet reflects the difficulties in detail. An increase in the bank loan from $1,640,000 to $2,595,000 was apparently required to reinforce the working capital, which fell from $2,563,642 to $1,022,537, and to carry the inventory of $3,376,950. With both inventories and debt above the working capital position, it is apparent that the company's financial position is rather weak.

The annual report, which is rather a clever piece of merchandising with samples of the company's products inserted, shows some new products, such as fabrics with aluminum applied for insulation, which may change the picture during the coming year. Dumping of distress fabrics from the U.S. and other sources may be reduced considerably by new legislation, and with the bad news out, the stock may be close to bottom. Holding seems warranted at this late date in hopes of a recovery in the fortunes of the company.

Chibougamau Explorers

WOULD YOU *express your opinion of Chibougamau Explorers Ltd.? Is it a buy at the present time? — B. MacM., Chihuahua, Mexico.*

Chibougamau is presently trading at 58 cents after having recorded a low of 44 in December. Of the 4 million shares authorized, 3,920,590 have been issued and the remainder were under option to Anacon Lead Mines at a price of $1.13. This option was extended in December to January 5, but was not exercised.

The company is engaged in the long and difficult pré-production stage of

developing a gold-copper property in the South Chibougamau area of Northwestern Quebec. The last annual report, dated December 31, 1952, showed that ore reserves of 515,677 tons, assaying 0.304 per cent gold and 0.76 per cent copper, had been developed. The last progress report, July 2, stated that underground results on the three levels being opened from the three-compartment shaft, which has been sunk to a depth of 591 feet, were better than anticipated, but no grades were disclosed.

With the low copper content of the ore and the many indications that the price of copper is due for a tumble, the property must be considered as primarily a gold proposition. From the market action of the stock it appears that the market price is a fair approximation of the property's possibilities as a mine; without any active intervention in the market from efforts to market optioned stock the possibility of more than limited activity seems remote.

The forthcoming annual report will give some measure of the financial position of the company and provide some means of estimating whether the property can be brought into production without further financing.

In the meantime, the stock does not appear to be an attractive purchase for speculation.

M & O Paper

I HAVE *held shares in Minnesota and Ontario Paper for a few years. These cost me 32⅞. Would you please give me your opinion as to whether I should take a loss or hold in hope of a recovery in the price?—M. A. M., Montreal.*

In view of both the improved earnings of this company and the increasing market interest in paper stocks, selling hardly seems advisable at this time.

The nine months' report, for the period ending September 30, shows that net sales increased to $50,151,824 from the $46,686,325 of 1952 and the $42,876,971 of 1951 reported for the same periods.

Net profits have kept pace, increasing from the $3,836,917 of 1952 to $4,246,631. It appears from this that both sales and net profits will exceed the 1952 totals of $63,380,361 and $5,218,263. As the earnings per share then of $4.06 were more than double the $2.00 dividend, there appears to be a possibility of an increase in the dividend disbursements.

This possibility is reinforced by the excellent financial position of the company, with the critical ratios of inventory and funded debt to working capital well below the danger line of one to one.

From the chart position of the stock the long recovery from the last February low of 24 has been extended to 29½ and a test of the 30-34 supply level is under way.

An extension of this upward trend appears quite possible, with a move through 30 warranting expectations of a test of the 1951 high of 34¾; a new high would provide an "up" signal for a test of an objective of 39.

Failure of the stock to move through 30 would, of course, present a warning signal that offerings are too heavy to be overcome and a decline through 28 would indicate definite weakness.

In Brief

I AM THE HOLDER *of shares in Buffalo Northern Mines, issued in 1928. Are these shares worth the paper they're printed on? — F. T., Coniston, Ont.*

They're not.

I HOLD SHARES *in Charlevoix. Are they of any value?—P. L., Montreal.*

As wallpaper.

DO YOU CONSIDER *Pole Star a good speculative buy at 35 cents?—M. C., St. John, NB.*

No.

SHOULD I BUY *shares in Kontiki Lead & Zinc Mines? — A. L., Vancouver.*

No.

WHAT DO YOU THINK *of Coleman Collieries as a buy?—N. B. G., New Westminster, BC.*

Not attractive.

CAN YOU TELL ME *anything about Elmac Malartic?—R. V., Toronto.*

Idle since 1946.

I HOLD SHARES *in Gunflint Iron Mines, bought in 1943 at 27 cents. Should I hold on in hopes of a recovery in the price? — I. D. R., St. Thomas, Ont.*

You'll have a long wait.

I BOUGHT SHARES *in Dominion Minerals some time ago and they are down about 65 per cent from my purchase price. Should I take my loss now?—F. A. R., Winnipeg.*

You should.

WOULD YOU *consider shares in Trout Lake Mines a good buy?—M. J. B., Castor, Alberta.*

More like good-bye.

I HAVE *been considering buying some Nicoba Mines. Would you comment?—M. W., Winnipeg.*

Why?

I HOLD SHARES *in Nationwide Minerals. What would you advise?—H. E. K., Melfort, Sask.*

Sell them.

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise doing with shares of Burnt Hill Tungsten?—M. R., Montreal.*

Sell.

WOULD YOU *consider Lynwatin Nickel Copper Mines a good buy at 13 cents?—A. T., Dryden, Ont.*

Just a gamble.

SHALL *I hold or sell Carnegie Mines?—F. K., Montreal.*

Sell.

I HAVE *a few shares of Canadian Converters Co. Class "A" stock Their annual statement wasn't very encouraging. Is it worth hanging on to?—K. L. R., Toronto.*

No.

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Residents of Canada owning sterling bank balances and securities blocked in the United Kingdom may negotiate them to realize Canadian dollars.

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Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 28, 1954, payable on the 1st day of March, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 3rd day of February, 1954. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, January 25, 1954.

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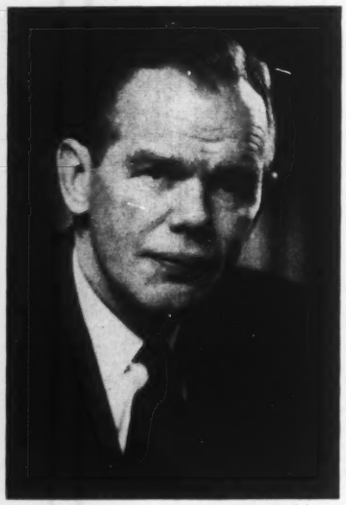
Who's Who in Business

Patriotic Watch On Canadian Writing

By John Wilcock

EVEN IF ALL Canadian readers *bought* books (which they don't), it is doubtful if a Canadian publisher could remain in sound financial health by catering solely to the Canadian market. The plain fact is that Canada's population is too small for that type of business specialization, which makes the predominance of British and American books unavoidable.

Few people are more concerned about this unbalance than John Morgan Gray, Managing Director of the Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, the first Canadian to head the old established publishing house, which, in the diversity of its activities, is Canada's largest.



Ashley & Crippen

JOHN GRAY

Gray, an athletic aesthetic ex-Major keeps patriotic watch on the progress of Canadian writing from a chilly, uncarpeted office on the third floor of a 40-year-old Toronto office building. Potential authors who climb the creaky stairs almost always ask him what subjects will make good books. Gray usually counters with, "How well can you write it?" He explains: "A good writer is a good author anywhere and rarely needs to tailor a book for a supposedly special market. I have been taken to task about this before but I think that if 5,000 copies of a book can be sold, it will break even, that sale usually being shared by us and Britain. Wherever possible it is better to originate publication over there because of sterling difficulties."

However, the fact that a book may not pay its way rarely deters Gray giving it his approval if he thinks it a manuscript worth printing. One of the things he has begun, for example, is the republishing of a series of out-of-print works on early Canada; this was probably a result of his membership—he is on the executive — in the Ontario Historical Society. He feels that a greater appreciation of history is growing and to the best of his ability intends to give it a helping hand.

A writer himself (although his only book was a children's novel which he claims it embarrasses him to remember) he knows the problems of writers and puts on no airs with them. Born in Toronto 46 years ago, he studied at the University, then freelanced in London for a year, during which time he played hockey for England and toured the continent with the team, thereby eating more regularly than if he had stuck solely to writing.

When he returned to Canada in the early 20s it was as a school teacher and as a junior master he taught "just about everything". He admits today that he learned a lot himself as a result.

From this it was an easy step to selling educational books for Macmillan's which he joined in 1930. He travelled across Canada for them, as he still does occasionally today, visiting schools and education authorities and doing what the trade calls "promotion work" but what he himself describes, more forthrightly, as "selling school books".

By 1941, when he entered the Army, he was head of the Educational Department of the company and he returned briefly to this position after the war before being appointed Managing Director in 1946. During the war he served in the Intelligence Corps, saw active service in France and Holland, attained the rank of Major, was mentioned in despatches and awarded the MBE.

Macmillan, one of the first companies to publish the works of such Canadian authors as Mazo de la Roche and Morley Callaghan, still receives something like two manuscripts per week from writers of varying talent who hope to be added to its list of best sellers.

Gray tries to read everything on which his readers report favorably, and this occupies a good deal of his time both at work and in his comfortable home. His personal preference in reading runs to history and biography; he also collects old books.

Apart from his family — he met and married a French-Canadian girl, Antoinette, shortly after both had left University—he has few other interests, but likes building and woodworking. He is proud that a small wall which he built at one side of his garden has not yet collapsed, although it leans slightly out of true at one side. Recently, with his 16-year-old son, John, he finished carving a handsome piece of furniture for his home. Bookshelves, of course.

EXPORT "A" FILTER TIP CIGARETTES

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 266

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of January, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., January 19, 1954.

RESOURCES OF CANADA INVESTMENT FUND LTD.
FONDS DE PLACEMENT DES RESSOURCES DU CANADA LTÉE

NOTICE is hereby given that a 13th dividend of SIX CENTS per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on February 15th, 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on January 29th, 1954, and to holders of Bearer Share Warrants on presentation of Coupon No. 13 on and after February 15th, 1954, as stated therein.

By order of the Board,
ADJUTOR SAVARD,
Secretary.
Montreal, Que., February 1st, 1954.

DAVIS LEATHER COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable March 1, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on February 15, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.
Newmarket, Ontario,
January 27, 1954.

Insurance

Extra Expense Cover

By William Sclater

IN THE Time Element category of insurance coverages, there is one devised specifically for newspapers, banks, trust and loan companies, insurance companies, and radio and television broadcasting stations. It covers the eventuality of fire causing an emergency shift in premises. While profits may not be unduly disturbed by such a shift, it is certain that expenses will be greatly increased in order to maintain continuity of business from substitute premises.

Some idea of the size of the extra expenses incurred in such an emergency is shown by the experience of the Central National Bank in Chicago when its premises were destroyed by fire last March 31. It was back in business the following morning, but the extra expense involved for the remainder of the year amounted to $193,000.

This coverage is called Extra Expense insurance. Fire insurance pays part or all of any physical damage, but Extra Expense protects against the possibility of large deficits because of the out-of-pocket expenses incurred.

For newspapers, Extra Expense insurance is indispensable provided the publisher is assured, in the event of his plant being damaged or destroyed by fire, explosion, riot or windstorm, that other publishers will help out in the emergency by allowing the use of their presses and such other equipment as may be possible. Emergency prices will have to be paid for help, of course, and for the many extraordinary expenses that arise when all efforts are bent towards resuming publication as quickly as possible. In the meantime all contract job printing has to be sublet. Actually, this form of Extra Expense insurance was devised at the request of newspaper publishers to help them meet such an emergency.

A typical case is that of a small evening daily newspaper which suffered complete destruction of its printing plant by fire and had to make emergency arrangements for publication until the plant was ready, two months and ten days later, to resume work.

Another publisher, in a town 25 miles distant, arranged to print the newspaper on his presses until the destroyed plant was replaced. As this was also an evening newspaper, the fire victim had to become a morning daily for the duration.

The heavy items of extra expense included: Mileage, meals and transportation $2,228; extra payroll for overtime and night work $7,500; operating expense (rental) $5,000; construction, overtime remodelling new building $1,673; temporary tables, files and cabinets $1,500. The total extra expense amounted to approximately $25,000 for the period.

The amount of the policy carried by this publisher was $10,000, which was, of course, not enough to cover the loss. It should have been $30,000, because the coverage is not expensive.

Publishers should bear in mind, however, that Extra Expense insurance is only recommended when reliable alternative printing arrangements have been secured for emergency. Where such an arrangement is not forthcoming or can be arranged only on an insufficient basis that will result in loss of earnings from undersized editions and reduced advertising revenue and job printing contracts, the use of Earnings Insurance or a combination of both is recommended.

To help in determining the amount of Extra Expense insurance which should be carried, insurance companies have drawn up tables to serve as a guide. It should be noted also that not more than 40 per cent of the total is usually allowable for the first month of suspension of operations in the damaged premises and the period of indemnity may not be less than three months. It is the first two months which are crucial. In a $10.000 policy the 40 per cent for the first month would be $4,000; 80 per cent for the first two months would be $8,000 total, with the remaining $2,000 available for the third month.

Silverwood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 30

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1954, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 26th, 1954.

Class "B" Dividend No. 26

Notice is also given that a dividend of Ten Cents (10c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1954, to shareholders of record February 26th, 1954.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary.

London, Ontario,
January 27th, 1954.

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and
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HAVE YOU EVER TRIED? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write *by writing*

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write —stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, news items, local, church and club activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Nylons Go North

By Adelaide Leitch

YELLOWKNIFE, NWT: There is nothing quite so frustrating to the feminine population of Yellowknife as to receive parcels from friends on the "outside" containing books, embroidery patterns, half a dozen warm blankets for the children —and sympathetic notes hinting they must be both cold and bored.

People "down South" never quite believe that this largest town of the Northwest Territories could be dropped into the Ontario countryside and feel right at home.

"We've got too much to do!" is the breathless complaint of Yellowknife women, who find their evenings filled with house parties, the numerous women's clubs and handicraft classes.

No woman in Yellowknife will admit to having just one hobby or craft. If she is an expert at weaving, she is also able to paint a mean watercolor or hammer aluminum and copper.

In the sub-zero winters, they put snow boots on their nylon-clad feet, and a winter parka over their suits or silk dresses for the walk from the front door to the taxi.

In the near-perfect summers, they grow their pansies and larkspur and, if they wish them, carrots and radishes. They go camping among the islands down Great Slave Lake, or swimming in the tepid water of Frame Lake behind the modern Red Cross Hospital, or golfing at midnight on the longest day of the year. On long, light nights, sometimes they watch the ball games between two of the town's three regular teams, or take part themselves in one of the women's leagues.

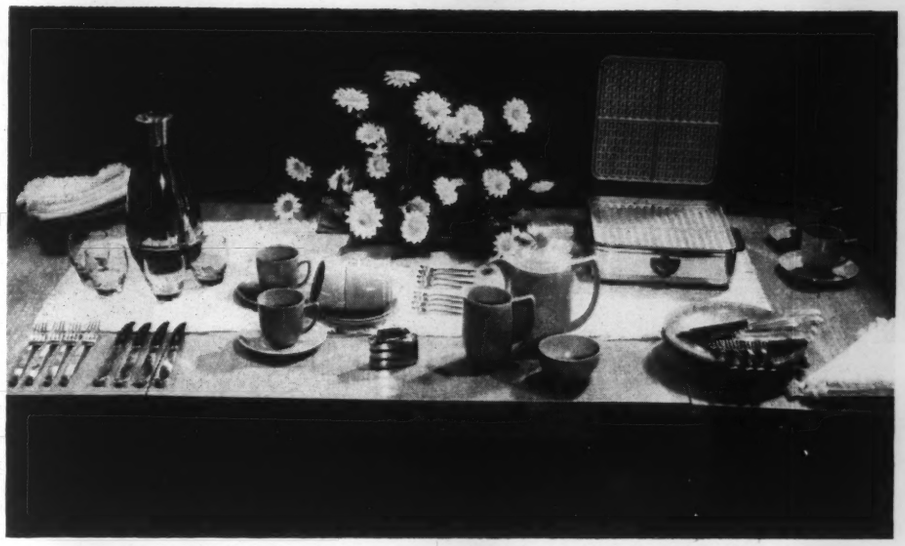
This sub-Arctic town—for Yellowknife is 250 miles south of the Arctic Circle—was born and raised within the last couple of decades. It is a town so filled with young couples that few of the 2,800 people can tell you where the local cemetery is.

In the picturesque Old Town, you must have drinking water delivered in tanks in the winter. But if you have a friend who has already moved into one of the trim little modern homes up the hill in the new townsite, you consider it the height of hospitality when she invites you up for "supper and a bath". This winter, for the first time, reindeer meat appeared on Yellowknife tables, as the government thins out the herd brought across from Lapland and Alaska.

Buffalo meat from Wood Buffalo Park to the south is sometimes available too, but, except for such semi-wild meat, and the big lake trout from Great Slave or Great Bear, the Yellowknife housewife sets her table exactly as she would farther south. The shopper fills her kitchen shelves by spending from 10 to 20 per cent more cash than she would in Edmonton, 700 miles to the south.

When the first boat of the year fights its way through the ice off Negus Point, storekeepers have to think of a whole year's inventory but the northern housewife merely drops in at local shops and buys whatever she wants whenever she wants it.

women



CASUAL *dining in the "rumpus room" or the week-end cottage can be arranged in a small space, as Carol Brooks, one of Toronto Simpson's interior decorators, illustrates here. The table is set with white homespun place mats and napkins, with Branksome dinnerware in Queen's blue and Dorset grey, and with Danish sterling silver cutlery.*

DINING *in small quarters can be both formal and pleasant, as shown in this table setting by Ruby Allen, interior decorator with Toronto Simpson's. The tablecloth is Swiss organdy, appliqued with Irish linen; and the Old Rockingham china has a green design with pink flowers.*

Photos: Alex Gray

Conversation Pieces:

WALLPAPER originated in China. It was made in small sheets then, and right up until the 19th century brought in modern printing and the mass production of roll paper. The Chinese wallpaper was mostly of landscapes, delicately designed and painted. Dutch merchants brought this new idea in interior decoration to Europe in the middle of the 16th century. No wallpaper was made on this continent until two centuries later when tropical designs, Eastern tea gardens and landscapes were popular. Today, patterns are many and varied with scenes, abstracts and florals predominating. Some ways of using modern wallpaper to brighten up small dining "nooks" are shown on the following page.

February has turned out to be a very busy month for the May Court Club of London. The first week they sponsored the visit of the National Ballet Company of Canada to the Grand Theatre, and this week, on Feb. 12, they celebrated their 25th birthday by an Anniversary Ball.

Re-elected: Mrs. F. H. McIntyre, as President of the Saint John (NB) Local Council of Women; Nazla Dane, of Toronto, as President of the Inter-Club Council for Women in Public Affairs; Mrs. H. D. Cheifetz, of Montreal, as President of the Canadian ORT (Organization Through Rehabilitation and Training).

Frances Shelley Wees's new mystery novel, *My Lord, I Am Not Guilty*, will soon be out in book form. It is the first in a series, and Mrs. Wees told us: "I'm going in for a whole new field for me. I want to get at the real roots of crime, which lie in the mind." This first story is a "cautious approach" and deals with a woman who cannot live with guilt. The next, *The Keyes of My Prison* (still in the polishing stages), is about a man who has to learn to live with guilt. And the third, now in rough draft and called *The Destroying Angel*, goes even deeper into the problem of psychic torment.

Pianist Barbara Custance, of Vancouver, has recently been signed by the National Concert and Artists Corporation, the largest U.S. talent agency, for a tour of this continent, the only Canadian pianist under their management. She has already made three tours of Europe. In private life she is Mrs. Leslie Kirz and has two sons.

We have been following Frances Hyland's career ever since 1949 when she went from Regina to London to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Now she is well established in London's West End and is to appear in Christopher Fry's new play *The Darkness is Light Enough*. Frances toured the prairies with the Western Stage Society before going to England where, last year, she starred in *The Same Sky*. She was born in Shaunavon, Sask., and is 26 years old.

Greek-born Madame Henri Bonnet, wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S. and fourth on the "ten best dressed" list, has this advice: Wear what is becoming to you, and choose clothes with simplicity. "If your clothes are simple, you never get out of fashion," she said.

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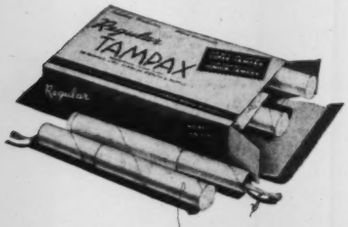

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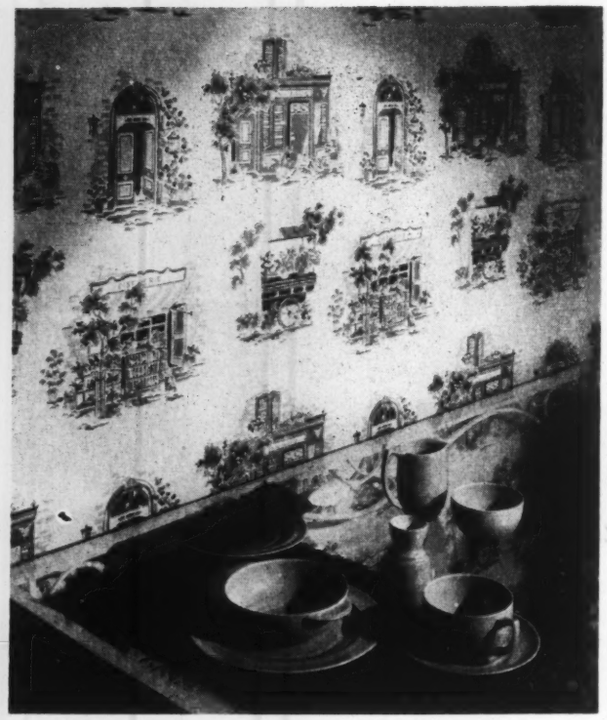
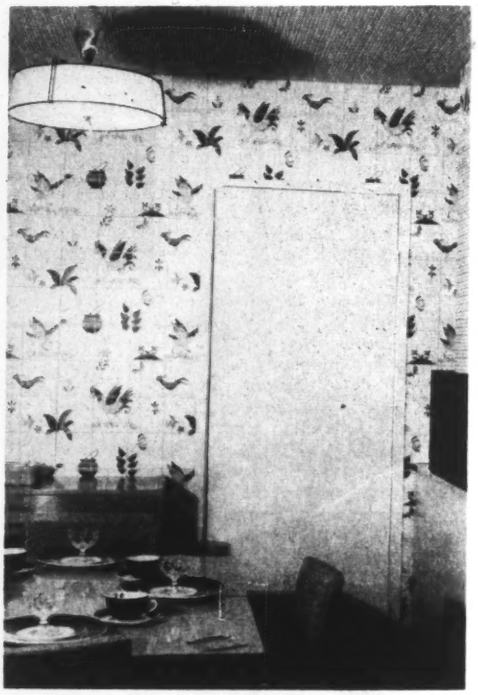


WALLPAPER *can give a gay feeling of dining out, as seen in this imported paper, called Paris Streets, used in the "breakfast nook" of Simpson's House of Ideas. The paper is in rose, soft greens and driftwood (brown) on a white ground. The glass-topped table makes the small space seem larger.*

Photo: Everett Roseborough



Wallpaper Dresses Up Small Dining Spaces

A LIGHT-HEARTED *mood can be set for the dinette that is part of the kitchen by the use of amusing wallpaper such as this chicken-motif pattern by Boxer Wallpaper, of Toronto*

Photo: Ken Bell

FOR THE *small dining-room, light, airy wallpaper is best, as shown in this design of silhouetted cupids and pink clouds, which offsets the black-and-white Algerian rug and the black functional furniture. From Eaton's College Street store.*

Photo: Eaton's Commercial Studio

Food

By Margaret Ness

COFFEE, to most Canadians, is just part of a meal, to be drunk with or without cream and sugar. We haven't acquired the continental respect for coffee as an interesting drink in its own right or as a *raison d'être* for frequenting a definite restaurant.

But perhaps the 18th century coffee houses and the present-day Italian ones may be within your reach. In New York, we discovered a genuine Italian coffee house, started some seven months ago by a 30-year-old Italian, Armando Orsini, who has a degree in civil engineering from the University of Rome. He came to New York about four years ago, built a school, lost money and decided to try something new. He hit on the idea of duplicating an Italian coffee house.

Today, Orsini's 70-seat place on West 56th Street is crowded. There is an Italian "feeling" in the red velvet walls, the antique wall brackets and the table candle. But the important thing is the coffee itself.

We thought you might like to experiment with some of the Italian "concoctions". They are all made with finely roasted Italian coffee.

Cappuccino: a demitasse with steaming milk and a dash of cinnamon. It is named after the coffee-colored habits of the Cappuccini monks.

Royal Espresso: a demitasse "crowned with a mound of whipped cream".

Caffé Borgia: rich chocolate, coffee, cream and grated orange, from a recipe handed down from generation to generation by the chefs of the Borgia family.

Caffé Tonico: demitasse with a dash of Fernet-Branca bitters.

Granita di Caffé: for warm weather, a combination of coffee, chipped ice and whipped cream, stirred up in a tall glass.

Zabaglioni: eggs beaten to a froth with coffee. Served hot. Or it can be served cold, with chocolate chips.

Roman Espresso: demitasse with a twist of tangy lemon peel.

• •

Needling a Dictionary?

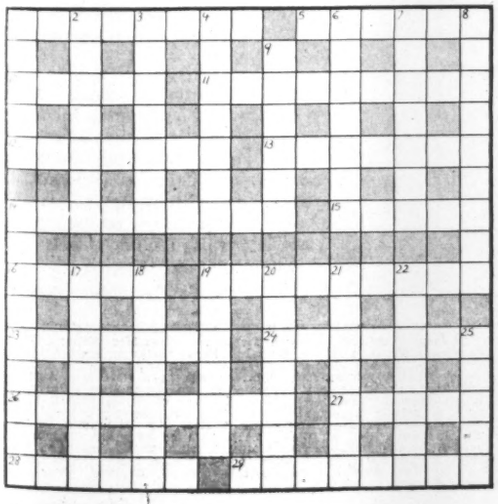
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Two men of low degree stand back to back between bars to hide one of 17. (8)
5. To get sober try melons. (6)
10. One does over pages, of a bedtime story, perhaps. (5)
11. Was Shaw's a vehicle to display the fruit of his genius? (5, 4)
12. A man of true taste. (7)
13. Its wearer always has a shot on the hip. (7)
14. An apartment wearies one when airless. (4, 5)
15. Depressing thing about bicycles? (5)
16. Changing 14 across, but not with a horizontal position. (5)
19. Surely it's so! (9)
23. Make like a 2? (7)
24. In his calling he's always being let in for something. (7)
26. But he mustn't be all at sea in his reckonings. (9)
27. Not descriptive of the last of those whose ears Antony borrowed. (5)
28. List to the cock when it's zero out! (6)
29. Trim the cape? (8)

DOWN

1. There might be a charge for this call. (5)
2. Made it again? Exactly! (7)
3. But soda with this won't make it digestive. (7)
4. Is one in radio solely for the love of mike? (7)
6. Position of punishment in the fold? (7)
7. Accepting a lift, one may not necessarily feel so. (7)
8. How W. H. Hudson wrote essays, of course! (9)
9. His pa's in the army! (6)
14. There's usually a sound reason, so to speak, to term him one. (9)
17. See 1 across. (7)
18. Object to glitter in a national anthem? (7)
19. Chaste, but not according to Hoyle. (6)
20. Does the clergyman on the lake find it a-musing? (7)
21. Like what Ste. Marie takes for a violent attack. (7)
22. If not able, one's not likely to be. (7)
25. Turns, but turns a little. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Bedtime stories
8. Advice
9. See 20
10. Chair leg
11. Mauser
12. Persist
14. Cockney
16. Aspects
18. Veteran
21. Mantua
23. Historic
25. Angelica
26. Animal
27. Platinum blonde

DOWN

1. Bedsheets
2. Daisies
3. Ideal
4. Enough
5. Totem pole
6. Roebuck
7. Evade
13. Situation
15. Eradicate
17. Entreat
19. Emotion
20, 9. The arm of the law
22. Annul
24. Stall

(300)

SOUTH AFRICA
...Land of Contrast!

No vacation ever before like this, for South Africa's challenge is the *unusual*, the delightfully *unexpected*. Contrast the roar of a lion (spine-tingling even in the snug security of your game reserve cottage) with the thunder of a gigantic waterfall seen spray-close in all its majesty . . . with the rhythm of a smart dance orchestra in a modern cosmopolitan city. Chances are you've never had a diamond mine in your itinerary . . . or the improbable fantasy of an ostrich farm. So much to enjoy which only South Africa can offer . . . be sure to bring your camera!

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Letters

Censors and Bigots

REALLY NOW, why not just announce that you are a dyed-in-the-wool religious bigot. . . In your "Stupid Censorship" article (Jan. 16) you take one more swat at Quebec because her Film Board banned a movie because of its historical inaccuracies used as slanders against the Catholic Church; this film was criticized also and seriously so, by the Evangelical Church authorities of Germany who saw in it these same defects.

But when this Quebec Film Board banned a film because it could offend Anglicans . . . another movie which appeared to it as offensive to Protestants . . . (another) out of deference to its Jewish population, I failed to see it written up in SATURDAY NIGHT.

Edmonton ANNA MURPHY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Murphy seems to have missed the occasions when we have taken issue with censors of all shapes, sizes, colors and creeds.

Angered by Drivers

I HAVE MADE many attempts to write a letter to SATURDAY NIGHT but every time I try I get so mad that all the words run together and an incoherent mess is the result. The front pages of Toronto newspapers must make anyone with a grain of sense more than just slightly sick. . .

The subject of irresponsible drivers and my views for corrective measures are simple and will be most effective. Before I get mad again here they are. Any man, woman or teen-ager involved in an accident for which he or she is responsible should have his driver's licence suspended for a period of five years. To make quite sure that the point of this law is driven home, the car, if there's anything left of it, should be confiscated for one year. If the car does not happen to belong to the driver in the accident, so much the better. . .

God help me when I cross the road to post this letter.

Toronto FELIX ST. CLAIR

Mixed Classes

I READ N. V. Scarfe's article against Co-education with very keen interest and sympathy. As he points out, no one could possibly object to small children of both sexes working and playing together at school, nor to young adults doing likewise at University. But there is no doubt that the period in between brings in its train a multitude of physical and mental conflicts which are aggravated rather than mitigated by the close daily association of the sexes. I have had a fairly wide experience of both the American co-educational type of education and the European system which segregates children after the elementary school stage and it is obvious I should say, to even the most casual observer, that the American product takes a grotesque sort of leap from childhood to adulthood and is thus deprived of those extra years of childhood which are so desirable. . .

To me there are few sights more pathetic than that of a little girl of 12 or 13 aping her 18-year-old sister with cosmetics and up-lift brassieres and boasting of her dates and conquests. Does such behavior really prepare girls for womanhood? Or doesn't it rather create sexual problems which at that stage shouldn't even exist and which wouldn't exist under conditions of segregation. . .

Is it not likely that the high divorce rate over here is directly due to a large extent to our system of education which throws boys and girls together at a time when, as Scarfe says, their bodies are four years ahead of their intellects? . . .

Butedale, BC JOYCE M. COOMBER

Memorial Library

AFTER THE building of a small memorial library in our town, some years ago, it has become the custom here to honor the memory of those who die with gifts of books to the library in the name of the decedent, rather than spending the money on flowers.

Last month Karl Wilson, a retired Railway Postal Mail Clerk, died. For many years he and his family had enjoyed the hospitality of Canada on summer vacations. After he retired, he and his wife spent each summer, from May to October, on their island in the Northeast Arm of Lake Temagami, Ontario.

I wish to have your readers advise me what book might be given to the library in Mr. Wilson's honor. I am looking for a book which might interest the general reader in the history and development of Canada. As the Wilsons have been so long associated with the Temagami area, if a book can be suggested which tells of that section of Ontario, its description or history, it should be well suited to my needs.

Beaver, Pa. NORMAN S. FAULK

Of Many Things

I THINK it is a disgrace to Canada that the director of the National Ballet Company should have to beg for money from the stage of the theatre in the middle of a performance. Why, in a country as rich as this one is supposed to be, must all the arts be perpetually hovering on the brink of indigence?

(MRS. J. T.) MIRIAM FOSTER
Toronto

I AM sick to death of hearing people talk about "security"—Old Age Security, "Saving for Security" (SN, Feb. 6), Social Security, etc., etc. If security had been the be-all and end-all of creation, Columbus would never have got past the Canaries or the Wright brothers off the earth. Let's stop worrying about our old age and the perils of the future and concentrate on living to the full in the here and now.

Moncton, NB ADAM R. CRAIG

THANK YOU for printing the fine page of reproductions of some of the treasures in the Chinese collection of the Royal Ontario Museum. It reminded me of many pleasant hours spent there studying and admiring their beauty. How fortunate the people of Ontario are to own such a collection and to have it displayed with so much understanding and skill.

Schenectady, NY OWEN R. MELTON

THE UNION FLAG only becomes a Union Jack when it is flown from a jackstaff. A jackstaff only exists, to the best of my knowledge, on board ship. The Union Flag is, and can never be anything other than, the flag of the three countries whose union it signifies: England (St. George), Scotland (St. Andrew) and Ireland (St. Patrick). What it represents now I do not know, other than very valuable and glorious tradition and sentiment.

GEORGE H. GRIFFITHS
Berwick, NS

TWO RECENT letters, namely those by Jon Prychick and Stefan Lichnowski suggest that it is high time some of our immigrants from European countries should get straightened out in their political thinking. The loyalty of the Canadan people to the Crown, is not "a childish attitude" but is born of mature political thinking. . .

Port Burwell, Ont. JOHN GRAHAM

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 19 WHOLE NO. 3171

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